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PRICE



The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

AUSCULTURE
THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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CARIBBEAN TOUR

(STORY INSIDE)

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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FEBRUARY 9, 1955

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AN APPLE FOR THE TEACHER

WITH a sigh of relief from almost half a million mothers, some 910,000 Australian children have just gone, or are about to go, back to school.

The beginning of the school year is a blessing to most mothers, whose children in the last few days of the long holidays tend to turn from cherubs into fiends.

But it's only the foolish mother who looks on her child's school as a convenient minding centre — a place to take young Johnny off her hands.

Obviously Johnny's school is important to Johnny, but it should be equally important to Johnny's mother.

On the whole, Australia is fortunate in her education system. But it isn't perfect. In many State schools classes are too large, equipment is outmoded, staffs are under strength, and buildings are inadequate.

Primarily, of course, this is the concern of State Governments.

But governments have a habit of treating education much as the ugly sisters treated Cinderella.

Children have no vote and teachers aren't numerous enough to be a pressure group. Therefore the onus of reminding governments of their responsibilities to education falls back on parents.

Mothers' Clubs and Parents and Citizens' Associations have been founded to give the unity and strength needed for this task.

Joining such organisations is not always possible, especially for mothers with several young children. But even the busiest mother will find it repays her to take an interest in her child's school.

Though politicians seldom realise it, nothing is more important to any nation than the education of its children.

The best education is achieved when parents and teachers work together — when Johnny's parents, as well as helping him with his homework, help as citizens to build up for his school and his teachers the prestige and respect they deserve.

Our cover:

● We publish this official picture of Princess Margaret in a serious mood to mark her departure on her Caribbean tour. The trip itself sets a precedent — it is the first time that an unmarried British Princess has undertaken the responsibility of a Royal tour.

This week:

● To the envy of fellow Australians in England, Anne Matheson, of our London staff, has left the deep freeze that is making life in Britain miserable for the sunny Caribbean, where she will cover Princess Margaret's tour for us. This will be Anne Matheson's fourth Royal tour assignment. Her stories, which always have a different angle to those of other correspondents, have already begun with the one on page 13.

● Two Australians and a New Zealander contribute the fiction, which is all written by women. English author Caryl Brahms adds a dash of spicy comedy (vintage 1893) in a story called "Gustave's Dilemma." Australian Margot Neville, who is the author of our intriguing serial, is well known to all our readers. The other Australian is Joan Watson Smith, who wrote "Color Can Be Local." The author writes copy for advertisements in her working hours at a leading advertising agency, and spends her spare time acting or writing stories and poems.

New Zealand author Jillian Squire, in private life Mrs. Donald Thom, is the mother of two boys and a girl. She began to write only four years ago, when her father gave her an old typewriter and the advice to "get cracking," which she did. Since then she has had published 200 short stories, articles, and scripts.

Next week:

● Home gardeners will be delighted with the 16-page rotogravure lift-out booklet, "Flower Growing," which has a Sydney garden in color on the cover. A sowing calendar, cultivation guide, and comprehensive articles on pest and disease control, and fertilisers, make it a practical round-the-year manual.

● Another special feature is the Teenage Section, with a quiz that helps you find out the truth about your party rating; Candy Hardy change-about cotton separates, ready to wear or cut out; and, of course, Kay Melaun's answers to teenagers' letters.

● In Film Fan-Fare you will see lovely Diane Cilento, Brisbane girl, who is well up the ladder of stage fame, co-starring with Peter Finch in "Passage Home," photographed in color, on and off the set.

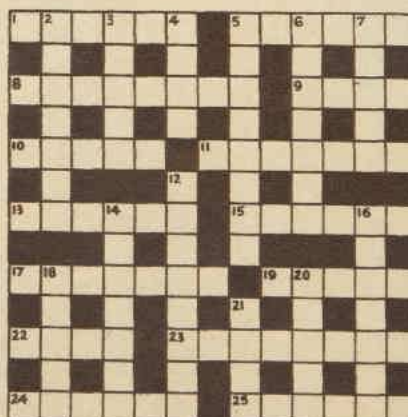
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. He may be a lazy baker (8).
5. Get rid of the refuse and gain victory at once (6).
8. Bird, half of which is in the sky and half lives in the water (8).
9. It's a performance whichever way you look at it (6).
10. Golfing colonel (5).
11. Curious father's chant (7).
12. You have to pick them up after five and six (6).
15. Tenant with not so much ease (6).
17. He loves his country yet can express approbation of disturbance of the peace (7).
19. Flower could provide a rest (5).
22. Must made of must (4).
23. In sad ode (Anagr.) (8).
24. Branch of a river (6).
25. These bodies have three dimensions (6).

TOGETHER TEAS
H R E A A A
R O U G H S H O O S E T
A M E A O E I
S U B J E C T N Y L O N
H L E T S
G E L I D A S K E W
O R L L V M
B A R G E O B S C E N E
L E N O C R N
I R E I M P L E M E N T
G V C N S O
E V E R I N V E N T O R

Solution to last week's crossword



DOWN

2. Is there any inward mail in this place? (7).
3. Season for mockery (5).
4. To govern in Erin (4).
5. Are they birds or friendly dogs (8).
6. They could hardly qualify in a best-dressed-persons competition (7).
7. Poem on a concert hall in Greece (5).
12. Resembling in sound (8).
14. Lame car (Anagr.) (7).
16. Corrected human beings in disorderly deed (7).
18. Change later (5).
20. Damage a bookie with oil (5).
21. Notices down and up (4).

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as it cleans



"hasn't
scratched
yet!"

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MURDER and Poor Jenny

By MARGOT NEVILLE

THE murdered body of VERNON WALSH has been found in a flat in fashionable Arlington Court occupied by attractive young widow JENNY FENTON. It was there when she arrived in with BERNIE RICKARD, another tenant who is much younger than his wife, SELMA, and violently in love with Jenny.

Other tenants of the flats include MRS. LIVINGSTONE, an elderly widow whose library Walsh was cataloguing, and her chauffeur-manservant CAMPBELL; MICK and ELLIE ANDERSON; KANE, the caretaker, and his wife, a cousin of the murdered man.

Mrs. Livingstone's married son, PETER, and wealthy NIGEL TAIT-SMITH, whose wife is dying, are also in love with Jenny, each of them, like Bernie, imagining himself to be her only secret suitor.

On Bernie's insistence, Jenny gives a false account of her afternoon's doings to DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR GROGAN and SERGEANT MANNING, who are in charge of the case. The detectives also question her about a note which was found, with Tait-Smith's cheque, in Walsh's pockets.

Tait-Smith gives an explanation of that and Ellie Anderson explains how white hairs from their rug came to be on Walsh's coat. But a sum of £200, also in the dead man's pocket, remains unexplained. NOW READ ON:

Instalment two of a four-part mystery serial

THE moonlight was white in the street, and flowering trees cast their shadows and scents across it as Jenny accompanied Nigel Tait-Smith down to his car.

The car was parked a little way beyond the police cars lined up outside Arlington Court.

Strolling down to it, since the silence between them went on extending, Jenny said: "This is a dreadful affair, Nigel."

"It is indeed," he agreed, head up, observing the stars.

"Poor old Vernon," she sighed.

"I'm . . . I'm afraid a shady fellow like that was bound to run up against trouble of some kind sooner or later."

"Shady? What makes you say that?"

"It's just that I'm a judge of men," he said quickly. "I have to be. And, of course, if you will leave your key about—"

"I suppose it was a little unwise of me."

"Who knows how many people saw that man of Mrs. Livingstone's leave it there? Or he may have mentioned it to someone, and Walsh prowled in and someone followed him."

She nodded sadly. "Quite. That's the only way we can reconstruct it. Of course, I can't go back in there tonight."

"Naturally not."

"But Ellie Anderson's offered me her spare room."

"Most kind." They were at the car now. He paused. The night was cool but he took out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead. Then he said: "I can quite understand, Jenny, that perhaps you didn't want to reveal all your thoughts and—suspicions to the police, but have you really no idea who committed this crime?"

The moonlight glinted in her eyes as they widened up at him. "Me? Good heavens, how could I?"

"True," he said stiffly, "true. Shut up, fortunately for you, all those hours in a picture theatre with Mr. Bernard Rickard!" The name appeared to move him to action. He thrust out his hand. "Good night."

Jenny took it. "Good night, Nigel!" Her tone released him coolly.

Their hands parted and he walked round to the other side and got into the driver's seat.

She opened the door she was standing by. "Nigel, I want to ask you a favor."

"Certainly. Any help I can give." His voice was formal.

But Jenny was now in beside him, the enclosed space seeming to intensify all the voluptuousness of her appeal, of her scent, her creamy neck, her obliquely shining eyes. She said: "I want you to promise me that you won't come anywhere near me till all this is over."

"Eh? What? Not see you?"

"Yes. I'm thinking entirely of you, Nigel—your reputation, your great responsibilities—and I just don't, don't mean to see you for a long while."

Nigel's pale, fleshy face hung disconsolately above her like a clouded moon. "Why—of course I'm coming—I mean I—you don't suggest—?"

"Yes, I do." The offensive was well with her now. "You're far too kind." Sweet mouth, dark eyes close to his. "But you mustn't think of me. I'll be all right, I have wonderful friends here."

"Mr. Bernard Rickard!" burst from him again.

"Selma and Bernie are both great friends of mine," she said severely, drawing back.

As she drew back, he leant forward. "Why, Jenny, I wasn't suggesting anything else, I—"

"I should hope not, Nigel!"

"Jenny!" he said hoarsely: "No! Don't suggest such a thing as that I shouldn't come to see you. Do you think I'd leave you to flounder about

To page 38



"It's wonderful on you, simply made for you," Jenny exclaimed, as Ellie fitted on the green hat.



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**John's fiancée was beautiful
and rich, but unfortunately
she was not the girl for him
... an unusual romance**

BY JILLIAN SQUIRE

IT was one of those mornings when the whole world smiled ingratiatingly, like a child who has been through tantrums, despair, and rage, and now is determined to be loved.

The sun shone upon a landscape that brooked no memory of yesterday's tears and vicious gales. The fairways of Riverside Golf Club were dotted with better-class golf wear, worn, of course, by better-class golfers, and over the western hills three little seahorses of white cloud pranced skittishly across a sky of palest blue.

Between golden rushes on one bank and swaying, salaaming flax on the other the river flowed evenly on.

John L. Sullivan, not the actor, nor yet the fighter, but six foot three of rugged manhood, watched the river flow.

He had been watching it for some time.

A considerable amount of water, he reflected profoundly, had gone past him. A lot was right now going past, for it was a wide river. And when you came to think about it there was what John termed a whale of a lot still to come, and all much of a muchness.

Like life, John thought, and cast a stone into the placid stream to upset it a bit.

He watched the effect with satisfaction, to the last scalloped ripple. And had a momentary twinge of conscience over his sudden intense wish that the stone, or the affronted river, or both of them, had been Miss Evadne Gilchrist.

Evadne Gilchrist was John's fiancée.



GOODBYE MY GLASSHOUSE

She was everything a man could wish, John knew. Beautiful, rich, witty, of assured social position and impeccable taste. What was more, she loved John deeply and they would undoubtedly be married in the spring, when the lily of the valley was in bloom. Evadne had said so.

Thinking of the lily of the valley here, there, everywhere, inexorably pushing up through the ground, impaling, as it were, John's quivering defenceless soul upon its slender little spears, John shuddered. Immediately two seabirds, hitherto attracted to each other, thought better of it and wheeled away.

"Curse everything," John muttered. Even birds could fly away.

And right from the next bush a curly-topped, fair head appeared and a voice said cheerfully, "Hello, Moses. Curse you, too. Isn't it a glorious day?"

"I suppose," John said sullenly, but with a few shreds of gallant banter still clinging, "you think you're Pharaoh's daughter?"

The head pushed farther through. It was attached to a slim and shapely figure in patched blue dungarees. One small brown hand trailed a fishing-rod haphazardly.

"Could be," the impish face said artlessly. "Incognito, of course." She chose a grassy hummock and sat down, her hands clasped around her knees. "What's the trouble?" she asked, one peaked eyebrow raised inquiringly.

John looked at her and looked away. She was a pretty kid, a very pretty kid indeed. But young. Far too young to know life as Sullivan knew it. "Nothing you'd understand," he said.

He drew a deep breath and smiled at her, a sad, world-weary smile. "You might say that life has caught up with me. In fact," he added, letting himself go somewhat under the sympathy in those clear eyes surveying him, "you might say life has run me down."

"Women," she said, nodding wisely.

"Women," corrected John.

They fell silent, both looking over the water and thinking their own thoughts. John's seemed to be improving a little, what with the sun, the scene, and the unmistakable beauty of his companion. He glanced at her sideways and was surprised to find her smiling.

"Been fishing?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said carelessly. "I don't fish."

John looked at the fishing-rod and laughed. "Is that just for effect—to go with the garb?"

"In a way," she said. "What were you doing?"

"Doing? Oh, I see. Well, as a matter of fact I'm waiting for Evadne." He nodded in the direction of the palatial clubhouse.

"A girl?"

"Woman." Somehow it seemed disrespectful to call Evadne a girl.

"The woman?"

"Yes," John said loyally. "A fine woman—young, of course."

"Of course," she said.

"Hi," John said, as she scrambled to her feet. "Don't go. Where are you off to? I don't even know your name—"

"Just a girl," she said, and grinned wickedly at him. "Definitely not a woman."

"A girl called—?" John smiled at her, a very special smile that had made Evadne Gilchrist think twice about marrying Harold Rowlands, of the soap-works fortune, on a certain evening last July. So now the small angler who yet was no angler smiled back and was lost.

"Ria," she said in a small voice.

"That's a sweet name," John said slowly. Mentally he gave Evadne a swift push back from his shoulder and added recklessly, "And you're very sweet, too."

She colored, frowned, and drew back the hand he had seized so impulsively. The startled expression changed to a mocking grin.

"Not a b-d name," she agreed. "Short for Rhinoceros, of course. The surname, naturally, is Mud."

"I'll remember," he said gravely.

She was looking past him to the car park running up to the clubhouse. "There's someone who will remind you," she said with a chuckle. John turned to see Evadne on the clubhouse terrace, craning her neck to give a well-bred glare.

"Well," he said hastily, "I'd better be on my way. I hope I'll see you again, Ria."

"I expect you will," she said off-handedly. "I'm often around this part of the links."


"Playing golf?"

"Oh, no," she said sweetly. "Just mudlarking."

John was grinning to himself in spite of coming ever closer to Evadne's radio-active disapproval. She was certainly a miss, that little Ria. Girls like that made the world a brighter place.

"I see you found company," Evadne greeted him coldly.

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Through the bush a curly-topped head appeared and a voice said cheerfully to the surprised John, "Isn't it a glorious day?"

"They shouldn't allow those little tramps to roam around the links."

"Did you think she looked a little tramp?" John asked, conscious that she did.

Evadne made a sound that could be called a snort. "It's obvious that you didn't. John, don't you think you make rather a fool of yourself at times?"

He let that pass. At the moment he felt the time he'd made the biggest fool of himself was when he asked Evadne Gilchrist to marry him.

It went back further than that. It seemed to him as he drove Evadne home from her golf committee meeting, offering the right comment here, withholding the natural one there, that his initial foolishness had been in listening to Evadne's father when the old boy had been so gay after St. Francis' football match.

They had been celebrating the glorious victory at the gym when old Tod Gilchrist, himself an Old Franciscan, had invited the whole team home for dinner. Seven of them had accepted, including John. As Stump Marchant said, the old boy was so pressing, and everyone knew he was a widower with pots of money and lashings of servants. Seven extra for dinner wouldn't mean a thing.

They had walked in, following old Gilchrist through the princely entrance of his mansion, to sink into the luxurious off-white carpet of the hall. Even Stump looked a bit taken aback by the magnificence of it all. John tried to shake off his swift awareness of crumpled sportswear and general dishevelment. After all, wasn't it just a case of one Old Franciscan asking a few other Old Franciscans to his home for dinner.

Actually there was no dinner.

Instead, John and his six tough-looking henchmen followed Tod Gilchrist into the lounge and lunged into the midst of one of Evadne Gilchrist's most formal cocktail parties.

"No matter," Tod was saying, "just forget about this. A few friends of m'daughter's. They'll be delighted to see you."

He led the way to a startled Evadne. "Oh, good show, good show!" he told her, his keen old eyes glistening behind the gold bifocals. "John L. here and the boys cleaned 'em up."

"Oh," Evadne said coolly, "what were they playing?"

"Cleaned 'em up," her father kept saying. "Finest game in years." He realised Evadne was waiting. "Stump Marchant," he introduced, "skipper. And John L. Sullivan, named after the famous pug, I should imagine, and as deadly a full-back as Old Franks have had in years."

John shook his head. "I'm sorry about this, Miss Gilchrist. I think we'll be getting along. Some other time. We had no idea . . ." That was when he smiled, all he knew.

And that was when Evadne Gilchrist decided that John L. Sullivan was worth cultivating. "You mustn't dream of going," she said charmingly. "Daddy, we won't hear of their going, will we? Jenkins, drinks for our guests of honor."

It was strange to think that all this was just six months ago, John thought, answering Evadne's remarks with an automatic reflex.

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Color CAN BE LOCAL

INCREDIBLY old she seemed to me on that summer evening when I first met her. I was staying for a fortnight in a small country town with my friend Nancy, who had recently gone to live there, and quite early in my visit she suggested that we should visit old Caroline Sheppard.

"Everyone knows her," Nancy explained, "and everyone goes to see her. She's part of our local color."

"Why?" I asked. "Some story of a lost lover?"

Nancy grinned. "Not that I know of, but she's a dear. You'll like her."

So we went. Old Caroline, whose age I guessed at somewhere between eighty and ninety, must have been quite a beauty in her youth. I liked her at once, and her little cottage was a dream.

It was, by modern standards, unmercifully cluttered, but the effect was somehow strange and quite beautiful. A small gilt clock ticked on the marble mantelpiece, where tiny ornaments stood.

We sat down and the usual small talk followed. Then the clock chimed and, as I glanced at it, my eyes fell on a minute basket made of a myriad colored beads.

"That's a very pretty basket, Miss Sheppard," I remarked.

"It's very old," she answered. "I bought it in San Francisco's Chinatown when I was very young. I went to New York first from London to try and forget all my sadness."

"Your sadness?" queried Nancy.

"Yes, it was father's wish that I should go abroad again. He thought it would help me a little. So I went to friends in New York."

"As time went on I picked up wonderfully. Then my friends went to Frisco, and, of course, I went with them. You should go to America yourself some time."

I smiled. "Given the money I'd pack up now."

"Yes," Miss Sheppard agreed, "it does take money, of course. But, fortunately, father was a very wealthy man in those days. Made his money from a Midland colliery, you know. He was so anxious that I should recover from my shock that he insisted on my going anywhere I fancied."

"Lucky you!" said Nancy.

Caroline chose another thread for her embroidery. "I stayed in Frisco for a month, then I went to Honolulu, and came on here to Australia."

"Have you been here ever since?" I asked.

"Oh, no, my dear. I went home to father after about a year, but when he died I sold the estate in England and I came here to live. My young brother was already here.

He had a fondness for the land. He has done very well. Sheep, you know."

"And were you quite well again by the time you returned to London?" I asked.

"Oh, well, I was very much better," Caroline said softly, "but of course it takes time to recover from a shock like that."

A silence fell on the little room and I noticed the rich Indian rug on the polished floor, the twisted brass candlesticks, and the fat Buddha on a small inlaid table.

"You have lived in India, too, Miss Sheppard?" I asked, more to break the awkward silence than out of curiosity.

The old lady raised her eyes and an air of faded sadness came over her. She nodded. "That was long ago," she answered softly. "When I was quite a girl. Actually I had gone there to be married."

I looked quickly at Nancy. Here was the romance I had suspected.

"But it was not to be," the old lady went on. "That was my sadness I was speaking about."

"Oh, Miss Sheppard!" exclaimed Nancy. "I had no idea!"

"Well, I seldom speak of it, my dear," said Caroline. "It is a very long time ago. More than sixty years."

I said quickly: "Please tell us."

"Well, when I was not more than eighteen," began the old lady, "I met a young man who was then a junior officer in the Army. The regiment was stationed at that time in the Midlands, quite close to where we lived, and the officers made a gay addition to most of our balls and picnics. His name was John and he was barely twenty. We fell in love."

"When my father got to hear of it he was very angry, and my aunt, who had always kept house for us, refused to allow me even to speak to him. Why? Oh, well, by a terrible stroke of fate, John happened to be the son of the man who had jilted her many years before. Father's objection was that John was too young to support a wife—but aunt's objection was something that could never be overcome."

"So we had to part. I loved my aunt too much to cause her unhappiness, and she had been very good to me all my life. There was nothing I could do but say goodbye to John and to keep in touch with him by letters. We did not meet again, but we corresponded for eight years, and by that time John was stationed in India and had won his promotion. Then my aunt became seriously ill."

"After her death John wrote to father asking if I might go out to India to marry him, and father gave his consent. So I went to India when I was twenty-seven, I was so



Illustrated by

BROAD
HRS.

very happy, and still in love with John."

"It must have been wonderful!" said Nancy softly.

"Not wonderful, my dear," replied Caroline, "it was the tragedy of my life. When I arrived in India I found that poor John was desperately ill of cholera. He died three days after I got there."

"That Buddha, the candlesticks, and table were to have been wedding presents from his friends in the regiment. They gave them to me when the time came for me to go home. I was quite ill with the shock, and it was because of that that father insisted on my visit to America."

She paused, a frail old lady in the slanting sunlight, and I felt she had suffered more than any woman I had known.

Poor old Caroline! Her story stayed in my mind long after I had returned to the city. I always asked about her when I wrote to Nancy, so I was not surprised when Nancy came to Sydney that she should mention the old lady.

"Betty," she said, "I have some

news for you about Caroline Sheppard. She died, poor old thing, about a month ago."

"I'm sorry, but now perhaps at last she will meet her John."

Nancy smiled, foolishly, I thought.

"There is a sequel to what she told us," she said. "Wait till you hear this! After Caroline Sheppard died her brother appeared."

"Oh, yes, the young brother who made good out here. He's a grazier, isn't he?"

"Actually he is a butcher at Marickville," replied Nancy. "Caroline did say he was interested in sheep. She just didn't mention that it was mutton."

"What on earth do you mean?" I asked quickly.

"I mean, she was really an old fraud," answered Nancy, "and no one knew until the brother told us. Caroline came to Australia about sixty years ago as a nursemaid to an English family. She's been here ever since, taking housekeeping jobs until she got too old."

As old Caroline looked at the figure of the Buddha she recalled her romance with the handsome boy called John.

"But her father, the colliery owner?"

"Just a coalminer, my dear, and a spendthrift, too. Brother and sister came to Australia together."

"But the fiancé, poor John—the American trip?" I was frankly puzzled.

"Mr. Sheppard, her brother," said Nancy, "told me that Caroline was a great reader . . . and a great lover of second-hand shops."

"You don't mean—?"

"Yes, I do. When I asked him what he would do with the Indian table, the candlesticks, and all her Eastern ornaments, he only laughed. If I remember rightly, his words were, 'Well, seeing that they came from the junk shops, they had better go back there.'"

"So you see"—Nancy shrugged. "Queer old bird, wasn't she?"

(Copyright)

Gustave's Dilemma

An amusing short story by CARYL BRAHMS

ALL day long it had been stifling. Flowers fairly wilted before you could carry them home from the market. Horses were falling down in the streets. Sensible people stayed at home behind the shutters.

But with the cool of the evening they, too, ventured forth and were to be seen sitting at the cafe tables fanning themselves.

On his way home from the office young Monsieur Gustave had dropped into the Grand Cafe de l'Universe et de la Gare as usual, and was sitting at a table with his friend Monsieur Michel. The Cafe de l'Universe et de la Gare had been opened only a couple of years ago in 1893 and so was still the sensation of Dijon.

"And you seriously mean to tell me that Mon-

sieur Durand broke into your house in the dead of night to steal your maidenhair fern? I can hardly credit it!"

"It was a very fine fern," Monsieur Michel sounded defensive. "The salon doesn't look the same without it. I tell you, that fern had character!"

Young Monsieur Gustave consulted his watch, whistled the waiter for his bill, collected his hat and gloves.

"And you're quite sure the intruder was Monsieur Durand?"

"I got a good look at his face before he turned down the gas in the vestibule. I tell you, Gustave, there is no possibility of a mistake."

His friend clicked a shocked tongue.

"Really," he said, "the things people do!"

At the gaunt lodging house where he rented

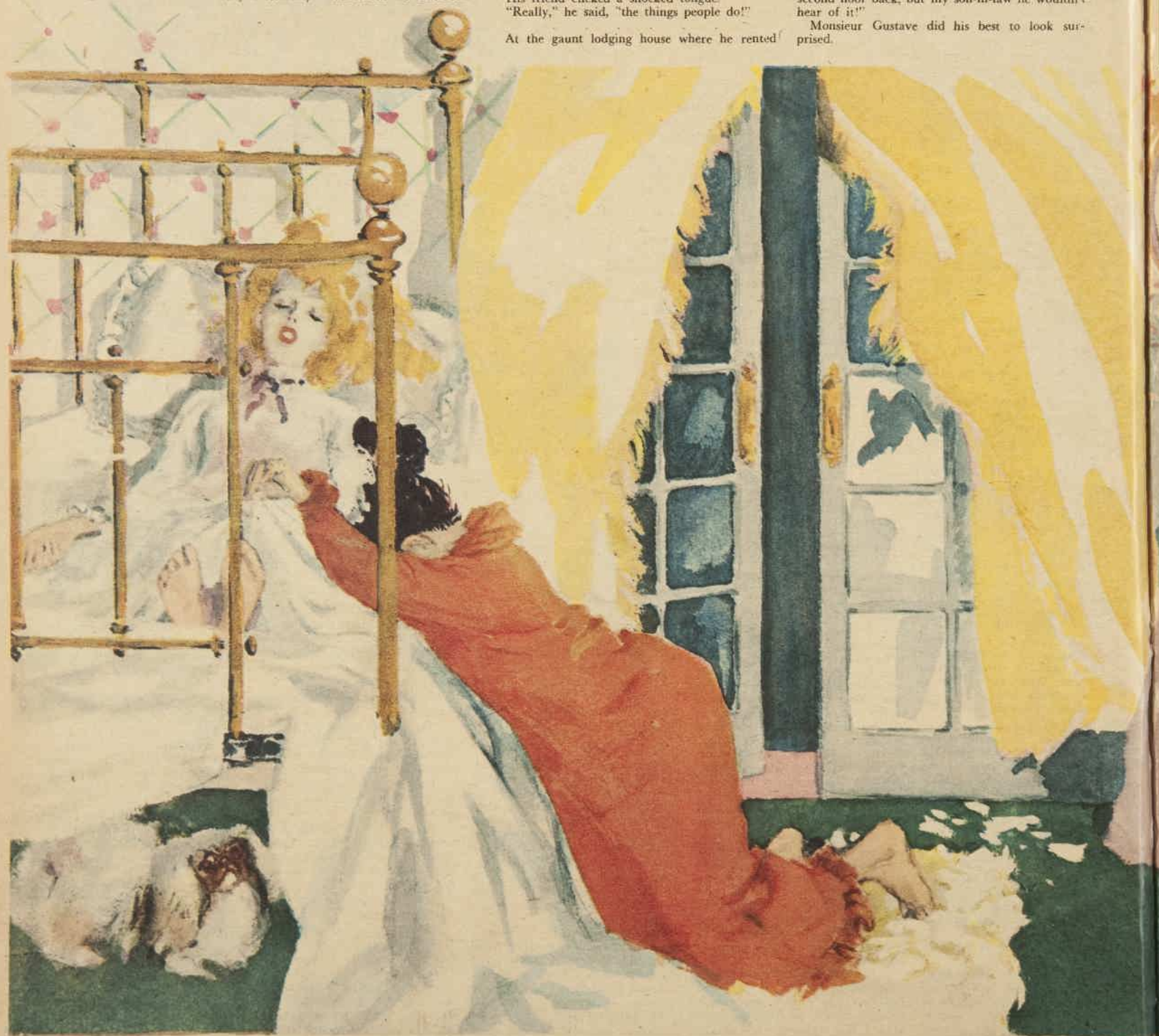
his modest and suitably inaccessible room, Monsieur Gustave stopped to speak to the concierge. As usual, she was sitting knitting in her office, a dark little cave at the foot of the stairs. It was mostly taken up by a dog. But on the window-sill stood a maidenhair fern that was clearly the pride of her heart.

"Ah, Madame la Concierge, what news of your daughter?"

Madame la Concierge beamed. Monsieur Gustave was such a gentle gentleman. Ever a kind inquiry on his lips!

"Ah, Monsieur Gustave, with these first babies you never know where you are! And then she lives so far away. I wanted them up in my second floor back, but my son-in-law he wouldn't hear of it!"

Monsieur Gustave did his best to look surprised.



"But I'm expecting a summons to go to her at any minute—any minute, Monsieur Gustave, and I want you to take care of my fern till I come back."

"Your fern?"
"To you, it's just a fern like any other, but I assure you, Monsieur Gustave, this fern has character. I'd know it in a thousand!"

"You would?"
"I would," said madame firmly. "Take it up now and, mind you, don't forget it. And remember, these maidenheads need watering every day."
"Every day?"
"Every day, Monsieur Gustave."

Scarcely had Monsieur Gustave reached his room and put his burden on the washstand when the telephone buzzed. Monsieur Gustave answered.

"Allo—allo?"
The frog at the other end turned out to be his rich Aunt Mignonette—his only aunt from whom he could expect an inheritance.

"You have not forgotten tomorrow, nephew?"
"Tante Mignonette!" Monsieur Gustave played reproachfully for time. "Tomorrow"—he thought furiously—"that's Saturday, isn't it?"

"The family council takes place in the afternoon. A week-end in the country with the family will do you a world of good this weather."

"The family?"

"Now, Gustave, listen to me . . ."
Monsieur Gustave listened to his aunt.

Monsieur Gustave's natural prudence dictated his decision. "I shall be there," he said.

Eleven rue du Congres was just a house like any other. But not to Monsieur Gustave, standing on the doorstep with his fern. To him, the sun, the moon, and the stars appeared to have taken up their habitation there.

For here lived Mademoiselle Sophie.
Their marriage had been under discussion for several Sundays already, and the lovers had little doubt that in the end a settlement would be arrived at to their mutual benefit by Mlle Sophie's Papa and Monsieur Gustave's Aunt.

Now it so happened that today, Friday, August 13, was Mlle Sophie's Mama's birthday, and the champagne was in the bucket. But Monsieur Gustave knew nothing of this, and great was his surprise upon finding himself embraced and his fern taken from him.

Impossible to explain that he meant only to leave his fern in Mlle Sophie's care while he visited his aunt, when here was her Mama calling on Heaven to witness her gratitude to it for sending the little Sophie such a kind, thoughtful, noble, generous possible future husband.

Mlle Sophie's Mama bore her birthday gift (for so she claimed it) in triumph to the salon. Mlle Sophie's Mama was an exuberant lady. But she was also a vigilant chaperon.

"See, ma petite," she cooed, taking Mlle Sophie by the well-puffed shoulders and prudently increasing the distance between the young girl

and the impetuous suitor by giving the girl a sharp shove in the direction of the salon, "does not our salon look handsome with Monsieur Gustave's distinguished gift upon the piano!"

"Yes, Mama," said Sophie dutifully, and straight away started edging herself back to the thrilling danger zone of Monsieur Gustave's ardent proximity.

Toasts had been proposed. Healths had been drunk, compliments paid ("They look like two sisters!"), and the champagne finished.

Yet it was a sober Monsieur Gustave who stopped, on his way home, to look in at the lighted window of Madame Clotilde's flower-shop. "Flowers and Wreaths" said the sign.

And then, in a flash, his face brightened.
For there, in the very centre of the window, between the dusty wreaths stood a maidenhair fern—the last one left. It was just like any other maidenhair fern so far as Monsieur Gustave could see. Price, 50 francs.

Should he acquire it? Monsieur Gustave lingered outside the flower-shop pondering the point. Madame the concierge had declared that

To page 34

With horror Gustave realised he had broken into his fiancée's bedroom in mistake and her father was furiously ordering him out.



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(Original on file) Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mrs. K. C. MORRISON.

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"Quick-Eze" antacid tablets are a combination of FIVE active prescriptions for prompt relief from indigestion, flatulence, dyspepsia, heart-burn and acidity.

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Letters from our Readers

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I READ in headlines recently that men are now rated as the weaker sex. Why aren't men more masterful—worthy of being an authority in the home? Women cannot tolerate meek, soft, hen-pecked husbands. Australia is breeding a race of limp men and masterful women. One doesn't need to be a pessimist to be thoughtful about the future.

£1/1/- to Dulcie M. Gidley, Gympie, Qld.

MANY people who appear good mannered do not seem to realise that manners and tact are necessary when speaking on the telephone. Our telephone number unfortunately is the same except for the prefix as a large Service establishment. We are always answering our phone at odd hours to find that the wrong number has been called. People seldom apologise, more often we hear a grunt of disgust. Surely a word of apology or a "beg pardon" is not too much for one to expect.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Moses, Windsor, N.S.W.

I DO not agree with the custom that mothers leave hospitals with babies only a few days old. Recently I found a mother of a week-old baby and a toddler in tears. She didn't know what was the matter but she did know that she longed for the fortnight in hospital that her mother had had when she was born.

10/6 to S. Mooney, Drummoyn, N.S.W.

OUR family came over from Holland four years ago, and I would like to express my appreciation of Australian schools, having gone through an Intermediate High School here. The standard of learning may not be as high here as it is in Europe, but the balance between mental and physical development is much better maintained. School children are very well cared for indeed in Australia. Consider the daily bottle of free milk in primary schools, the special school buses and free train passes. In Europe things are different. Another difference is the feeling between teacher and pupil—it is more comradely in Australia. I say that Australians can be truly proud of their education system and their care of school children.

10/6 to Miss M. Kastelein, Cronulla, N.S.W.

I WOULD like to hear some opinions, through your pages, on the Christmas school holiday. I am in business and have two children and I hear many opinions from mothers who come into the shop. The first point they make seems to be that children of all ages become thoroughly bored and fed up in two or three weeks. Every day through the holidays I heard women complain that they can't take children out day after day and not many can take children away for a holiday. I feel, with many others, that the school holidays are definitely far too long—a month from all points seems indicated as enough. Could not the Government go into the question and test public opinion with a referendum?

10/6 to Mrs. A. B. (name supplied), Castle Hill, N.S.W.

MANY New Australians persist in the unsightly habit of hanging lines of underwear and rags and dusters from their windows in rooming houses and flats. To the east and west of my flat (and I pay a high rent) since New Australians moved into the district, every day I see a horrible array of clothes and rags. It is depressing and in my opinion tends to turn good class districts into slums. Old Australians never do this, nor do they resort to that other New Australian habit of tying the window curtains into a

knot. I feel sure that if these habits were pointed out to newcomers they would quickly try to improve the look of their homes.

10/6 to Mrs. Old Australia (name supplied), St. Kilda, Vic.

WHY do electricians always seem to put power points at ground level and in the most awkward places? My sister has one midway along the wainscoting on the only wall where a wardrobe can go, and I have one in a corner where I have to place a piece of furniture to balance the room. Power points placed at a low level are a real danger to children and older people find it hard to stoop down to them.

10/6 to (Mrs.) N. Sands, Cremorne, N.S.W.

Difficult Women

J. NEWMAN, who asks why waitresses prefer to serve men rather than women ("The Australian Women's Weekly", 26/1/55), poses an age-old question, the answer to which is just as historical. Waitresses will always prefer to wait on men, for the one good reason that they are men. Ask a waiter which sex he prefers to serve. Ten to one the answer will be "a good-looking young lady."

10/6 to (Mrs.) A. P. Shaw, Woollahra, N.S.W.

I AGREE with the waitress who told J. Newman a thing or two—having been a waitress myself, I know just how annoying women can be. They always say they are in a hurry, but it takes them 20 minutes to make up their mind what they'll eat. I would rather serve men any day.

10/6 to "R.R." (name supplied), Tamworth, N.S.W.

I DO not quarrel with waitresses who prefer to serve men, but I do vigorously protest against the smaller portions of all meals given to women at restaurants, boarding-houses, and holiday resort establishments.

10/6 to E.F.S. (name supplied), Glen Iris, Vic.

Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

WHEN our son started high school he had to travel some distance by bus for the first time, which meant leaving home half an hour earlier than formerly. I found myself constantly nagging at him to hurry, but he was always late. After a couple of months I woke up to myself. When he went to bed I gave him the alarm clock. "I am afraid I am a rank failure at getting you off early in the mornings," I told him. "From now on you can watch the clock yourself, and I don't care if you miss the bus. If you do miss it, it means paying for a seat on the late bus and going into school late." From that day on I had no further trouble. I saved my temper and he became punctual.

£1/1/- to (Mrs.) N. Jeffery, Emerald, Vic.



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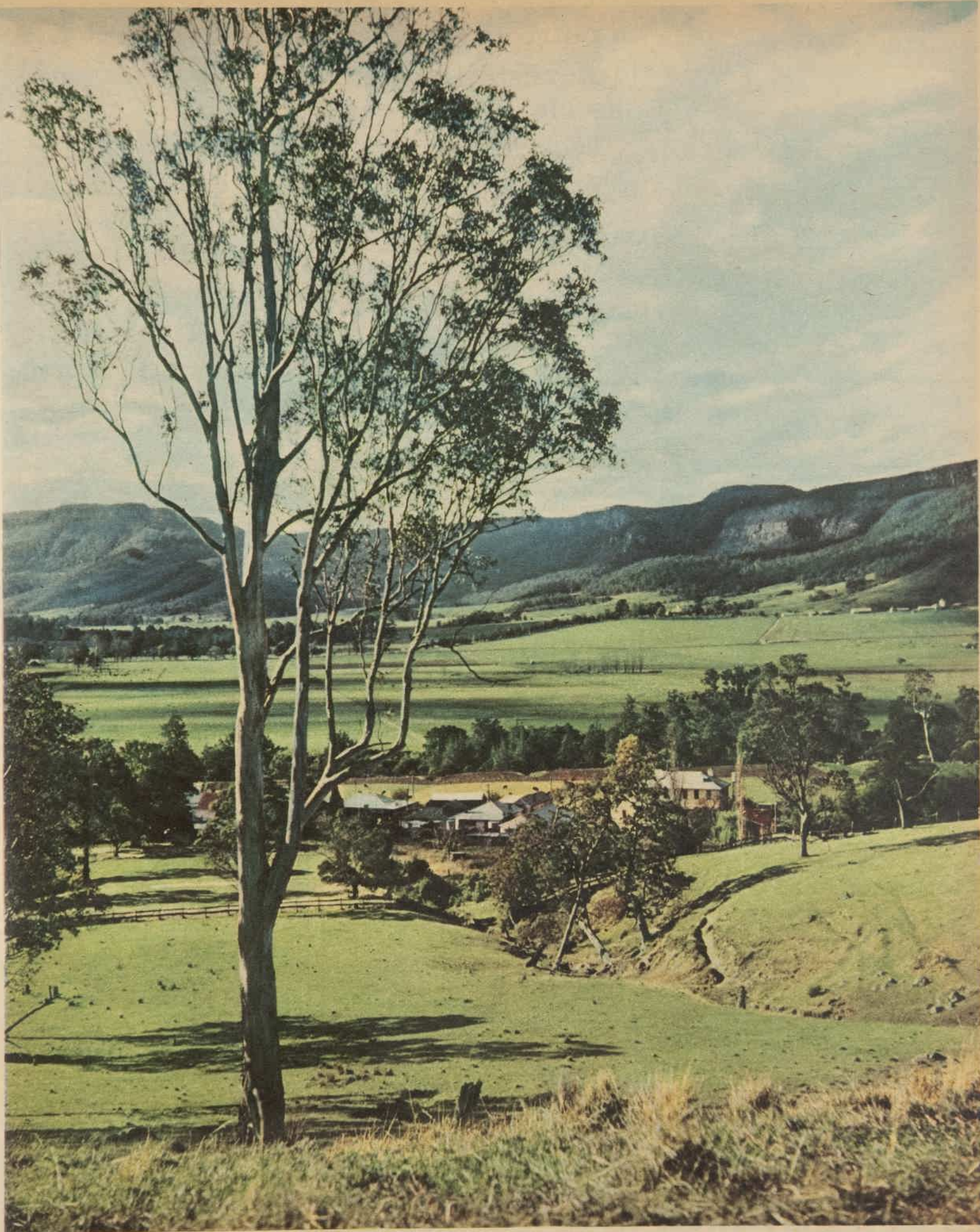


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KANGAROO VALLEY, N.S.W., is one of the beauty spots of Australia. A small, high valley, 22 miles long by eight miles wide, it nestles among mountains in the coastal ranges near Nowra, 112 miles south of Sydney. Dairying, timber, and tourists are its main industries. This picture, taken by Kevin Aston, of Sydney, shows the township and the pastures of Barrengarry House in the foreground and the homestead in the distance. Barrengarry House was built in 1880 by the Osborne family, who received a grant of 2560 acres of land in 1838.



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ROAD SAFETY CONTEST

Interest increases as end draws near

This is the sixth week of our outstanding new Road Safety Contest, for which we are receiving scores of letters from readers congratulating us on the way in which it is stimulating public interest in road safety.

THE contest, which was launched at the beginning of this year, offers prizes of eight Hillman Minx cars, valued at a total of more than £8000, and eight extra sets of Olympic tyres and inner tubes, valued at nearly £300.

By now intending competitors should have six coupons, including the one printed below, showing 24 suggestions for ways of improving road safety.

In our next two issues the final two coupons will be printed, bringing the total number of road safety suggestions for the contest to 32.

We wish to stress to readers that they can choose any

eight of the 32 suggestions printed. The selection depends entirely on competitors' own individual ideas of ways of making our Australian roads safer.

Provision will be made on the entry form which will appear with the final coupon in our issue dated February 23 for competitors to number, in order of merit, the eight suggestions they think the most effective from the 32 suggestions shown.

This entry form must be accompanied by a complete, undamaged set of eight coupons, i.e., one from each week's paper published since the beginning of January.

We again point out to readers that they can use the small copy of the first coupon, containing suggestions Nos. 1 to 4, reprinted with the second coupon in our issue dated January 12.



VIEW of the roomy back seating space of one of the eight Hillman Minx cars being offered, together with eight extra sets of Olympic tyres, as prizes in our Road Safety Contest.

The first coupon was reproduced for the benefit of readers who missed the January 5 issue when they were away on summer holidays.

Until the last coupon, bringing the total number of suggestions to 32, appears, competitors have nothing to do except study each suggestion carefully.

You could begin weighing the value of one suggestion against another and tentatively eliminating some that you regard as not as vital as others.

You could also sharpen your opinions by observing more closely the road behaviour round you, the road incidents you see, and the absence of road safety precautions in your own neighborhood.

This observation will help you when the time comes to make your final selection.

Every road user has his own ideas on ways of reducing the road toll.

And it's possible that the eight you consider the best will be the winning suggestions.

The closing date for entries is March 23, 1955.

The contest is a simple one which will provide a relaxing interest for all members of the family.

It will make you think about a subject that should concern you vitally, and at the same time it gives you an opportunity to win a Hillman Minx car and a set of Olympic tyres.

HOW TO ENTER

● Cut out each week the coupon showing the four road safety suggestions. When you have the whole 32, choose the eight you consider the most effective and list

them in their order of merit on the entry form, which will be printed with the last coupon in our issue dated February 23. To this form must be attached a complete set of the eight coupons.

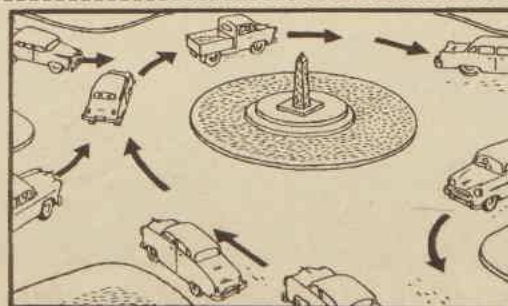
Save this coupon till end of contest



21. Increased protection for pedestrians, such as pedestrian refuges, etc.



22. Improved road planning to provide greater visibility, especially at intersections.



23. Gradual introduction of traffic roundabouts to eliminate congestion.



24. More parking bays for heavy vehicles, particularly on main roads.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, Nassau (in background), where Princess Margaret will stay with the Earl of Ranfurly, Governor of the Bahamas, during her visit to the Island.

Underwater gear for Caribbean Royal tour

Tropic swims planned by Princess

During her Caribbean tour, Princess Margaret will be the first member of the Royal Family to go underwater swimming. She is taking to the Caribbean all the underwater equipment she could buy in London.

THE Princess is anxious to try this new submarine life, which has swept the Mediterranean and the Adriatic and the tropical seas off the coast of North America.

She told her friends, "I'm kitting up for the ten-fathoms plunge," and ordered a snorkel—the popular breathing mask with tube used by experienced underwater swimmers—and rubber flippers.

The first afternoon there is a break in her official programme and good waters to swim in, Princess Margaret wants to try out her new equipment.

Although she is a very amateur photographer, the Princess has an underwater camera which is a photographer's delight.

It is a case made of clear plastic with outside controls fastened down to 150ft. without pressurisation, and can be adapted to flash gear.

There is little or no chance of photographers—with or without aquatic equipment—getting a picture of Princess Margaret dressed for her deep-sea dive.

The Queen has forbidden any member of the Royal Family to appear in public in a bathing suit.

She herself went the whole of her Commonwealth tour—through the tropics and visiting some of the most famous bathing beaches—without having a swim.

No one in the Royal Family is forbidden to swim, but they are asked to do so from private beaches.

One of the first jobs Scotland Yard's senior man, Detective-Inspector Len Burt, did when he came out to the

Caribbean in advance of the Princess was to inspect and arrange for a strong guard on all the private beaches the Princess will visit.

Scotland Yard's check-up has ensured that even if photographers dress as flying fish they won't get within telescopic lens range of the Princess, or ten fathoms near her if they come as undersea divers.

Fresh in the minds of the Royal Family are the pictures of Princess Margaret that were splashed over the French and Italian newspapers after cameramen dressed as fishermen brought their "fishing" boats right up to the Blue Grotto at Capri. That must not be allowed to happen again, they say.

Princess Margaret, however, will not pull on her flippers and snorkel till she is well out of the public eye.

She has a host of friends in the West Indies and as her

programme is not strenuous by Royal programme standards she will have time to pay a round of visits to swim in private.

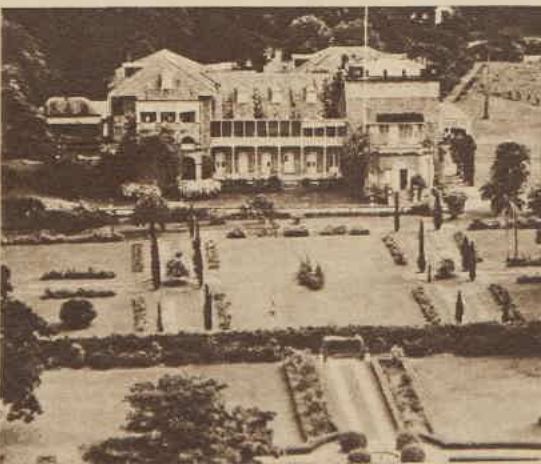
One visit she will make will be to the home of Jeremy Tree in Barbados.

His brother Michael is married to Lady Anne, sister of Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, the Princess' newly appointed lady-in-waiting, who is "No. 2" on the tour.

Another visit will be to Mrs. Anthony Pleydel-Bouverie's home on a lovely island in the Bahamas.

Mrs. Pleydel-Bouverie is a very great personal friend of the Queen Mother, and has known Princess Margaret all her life.

Her home on the remote and romantic island of Andros is 40 miles from Nassau, capital of the Bahamas, where Princess Margaret will stay in the attractive white bungalow that is Government House.



IN TRINIDAD, Princess Margaret will stay in this ancient Government House, where a garden party, carnival, dancing and fireworks displays have been arranged in her honor.

By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London office,
who went to Trinidad
ahead of the Royal
party.

Here Lord and Lady Ranfurly have refurnished for the Princess rooms that were once the private rooms of her uncle, the Duke of Windsor, and his Duchess when he was governing the Bahamas.

Princess Margaret's first day in Port of Spain, capital of Trinidad, after her arrival the previous afternoon, starts off with a free morning.

She will hear her first real calypso in Trinidad, which is not only the cradle of the calypso but also of the steel band, which is made up of unorthodox instruments fashioned from steel oil drums, biscuit tins, and even the hubs of cars.

Free mornings will give Princess Margaret time to enjoy the West Indian way of life, which begins with "breakfast" about 11 o'clock in the morning.

This is a substantial meal, particularly in Barbados, and is rather like an English mid-day meal. In most parts of the West Indies this is the principal meal of the day.

Princess Margaret will have at least one West Indian dish from an iron pot heated by red hot charcoal. That will be the traditional "pepper pot"—a stew made with cassareep, which is a preservative prepared from the juice of the root, bitter cassave.

It is made with ox tail, calf's head, pork (both fresh and salt), onions, peppers, thyme, and brown sugar.

This stew is heated up each day, and in some West Indian families they say it lasts for years.

The clothes Princess Margaret will wear in the Caribbean have already influenced fashions out here.

American visitors who flock to the West Indies for the season, which begins after Christmas and goes on until



PRINCESS MARGARET looks happy at one of her last official engagements in England before her tour of the West Indies. She was scheduled to arrive at Port of Spain, capital of Trinidad, on February 1. Tour ends on March 2.

nearly Easter, have been ordering English play clothes and English cottons.

Princess Margaret has established another fashion rule for Royalty. She will be wearing short evening dresses on all but the most formal occasions.

Since evening receptions will be all out of doors on the dew-drenched lawns, everyone is delighted to be given this fashion lead. They remember how their long evening dresses were ruined after they trailed in the heavy evening dew during other night receptions.

Keeping the Princess' holiday clothes immaculate will be the task of her maid, Mrs. Ruby Gordon. She is sister to the famous "Bobo," the Queen's maid who has been lady's maid to the Queen since she was a young Princess.

Just as Bobo is devoted to the Queen, so Ruby is devoted to Princess Margaret. Ruby is Scottish and comes from close to Balmoral, the Royal home in the highlands.

Ruby and her husband—

they were married just over a year ago—have a tiny flat in the Mews to Marlborough House, which is next door to Clarence House.

"Getting the Princess off" was likely to be a last-minute rush for Ruby, as Princess Margaret, with the Queen and the rest of the Royal Family, was spending most of the time before her departure date at Sandringham.

Snow and blizzard conditions made easy drives up and down to London out of the question, and I believe there was quite a "flap" to get the clothes fitted and packed in time.

One of the most pleasant surprises for the Princess in the West Indies will be the arrival of her new hairdresser, Rene, who is coming out to the islands on a working holiday.

He will keep her new short cut well trimmed before flying to Hollywood to be hairdresser to old clients, such as Marlene Dietrich. He then flies back to London.

Nation-wide wool contest brings winners in every field of fashion design!



SUPREME WOOL FASHION AWARD

won by this dramatic "Fisherman" Sweater!

First prize winner in Section 9, Group 2 (Women's Knitwear) also wins the Supreme Fashion Award! A "Fisherman" Sweater in thick, white wool, it brings big fashion news with its long, loose lines and striking double polo neckline. Congratulations to Gross Knitting Mills, Melbourne, for this fine fashion!

From entries submitted by manufacturers and designers throughout Australia, a judging panel of fashion experts has chosen the winners in the many sections of the Australian Wool Fashion Award 1955. This nation-wide contest has given Australian manufacturers a unique opportunity to compete for the honours in every field of fashion design—Topcoats, Suits, Dresses, Casual and Evening Wear, Skirts, Matrons and Maternity Wear, Mens and Womens Knitwear. Winning fashions were chosen by merit of styling, fashion-rightness, workmanship, quality of fabric and value-for-money. From the sectional winners, the most outstanding garment of all was chosen by the Judges for the Supreme Fashion Award—a valuable statuette which will now be held by the winning manufacturer for 1955. Ask your retail stores to show you these winning wool fashions.

See next week's edition of the Australian Women's Weekly for further section winners in the Australian Wool Fashion Award.



SECTION 7, GROUP 2 (SUITS)

Kartex, Melbourne, topped the section with this sleek suit in Pewter Grey Soltine Worsted. Important fashion points—the semi-sailor collar, the black velvet ribbon trimming, held by a glittering jewel button.



SECTION 6, GROUP 2 (TOPCOATS)

Leroy, Melbourne, won this section with elegant Wrapcoat in smooth Australian tweed, flecked with white, beige, tangerine. Wide three-tiered shawl collar, with notching at shoulder line is news!



LOOK FOR THE WINNING TAGS!

If you see a garment with tag (right) you will know that it is a first-prize winner in the Australian Wool Fashion Award, 1955. Watch for it when shopping for the top fashions of the season. Replicas of the 1955 Supreme Wool Fashion Award will carry the tag illustrated on the left.



Wool Makes the Fashion

Inserted by the Australian Wool Bureau
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 9, 1955

Bringing home the berry harvest



RAMSHACKLE TRUCK, called "Certy" takes pickers to work at Mr. Ronald Brown's property, "Fern Valley," Glen Huon, Tasmania. During the berry season, some pickers camp in huts on the property. Mainland students are frequently among the pickers.

Cheerful pickers work with dye-stained hands

By HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

At the height of the Tasmanian summer, when it is usually cool enough to wear a cardigan and have a fire at night, the berry pickers are at work again, bending over the laden bushes in the Derwent and Huon Valleys.

THE loganberries or raspberries are planted in long rows. The pickers move slowly between the bushes, bright spots of color among the green.

They wear shady straw hats, sugar-bag aprons, faded colored cottons, and old shoes. Their hands are stained with the pink of raspberries, the deeper red of loganberries, strawberry pink, or steeped with the dye of blackcurrants.

The scene does not look Australian. It looks like a glimpse of Europe, with its peasants at work.

And the day I visited a berry farm at Glen Huon, it sounded like Europe, too, for one woman picker was yodeling as she worked, singing with a true yodel which echoed among the hills that sweep down to the cultivated patch known as "The Grass."

There were 16 men, women, and children working among the loganberry vines, which were strung along lines of barbed wire. They were picking the berries for property owner Mr. Ron Brown, who is an independent member of the Legislative Council of Tasmania.

Mr. Brown, suntanned, dressed in fruit-stained trousers and jacket, was standing at the foot of a blackwood tree, watching the punnets being loaded into crates.

He and his brother, Stanley, own a property called "Fern Valley." Their father worked it before them, and

their grandfather, too, lived in the Huon district.

"My father cleared 'The Grass,'" said Ron Brown. "It was virgin bush then. He left the trees which you can see fringing the berry patches, because there must be protection from the wind."

"He put up these sheds where the pickers sometimes sleep. The shacks are made of split timber and are roofed with shingles. See the bricks in that old chimney—they're hand-made from the local clay."

"Now we grow five acres of loganberries, five acres of raspberries, and Kentish cherries. 'Fern Valley' itself covers 200 acres."

"You're seeing the loganberries here. Pickers don't like working them as much as

they do raspberries because they are thorny, and fragments break off and fester in the hands."

I was told the loganberry vines are put in in winter, after the last lot of fruit is carried away and burnt. The new vines, which have been suckering in the loamy soil, must be lifted and trained around the lines of barbed wire.

The McLeods

"THE three Miss McLeods, who are quite famous in this district, do this," said Mr. Brown. "They come up here in midwinter, when the hills around may be covered with snow, and stay for three weeks. They lift up the vines and put them on the wires. They cover their hands with leather gloves and dress warmly."

"It is something to see on a frosty winter morning—the sight of Miss Millie, Miss Elsie, and Miss Tot toiling away."

It is in summer the pickers reap the harvest started by



GRANDMOTHER Mrs. Frank Smith, of Glen Huon, picks loganberries while her seven-year-old grandson, Michael Stuart Smith, of New Norfolk, samples the berries. Each picker is allotted a row of vines. Women pickers are quicker than men.

the three hardy McLeods. I saw the pickers moving up, after completing one patch, walking in the wake of Judy, the draught horse, who pulled the sled with its load of crated loganberries.

The women walked across to an old barrel filled with cold water, and rinsed their hands. Each man, woman, and child, wore what is known as a "pocket" around the waist.

The pocket, made of canvas, oiled over with linseed, or of tin, is shaped like a pouch and is worn on the front of the waist. This leaves both hands free to fill the punnets which rest on top of each other in the pocket.

When enough punnets are packed with berries, they are placed in crates and initialled with chalk by the picker, who is paid on piece work.

As I spoke to Mr. Brown, I heard the noise of running

and shouting. Turning, I saw two young men grappling and wrestling on the grass.

The uppermost one had a handful of loganberries, which he was crushing into the hair and face of the man beneath, until the pulp and juice ran down, staining trousers and windjacket.

A grey-haired woman beside me, who said that she was Mr. Brown's mother, smiled happily. "I love to see them doing that," she said, as the mock fight continued. "It's a very old custom in the berry districts."

"They call it 'raspberry washing,' although this time they're doing it with loganberries. You usually see it when new people come to work, or when anyone is leaving."

"These two young men are leaving today. They've been picking with us for three weeks. That's Max Constance, who's getting the worst of it, and the other is Ron Crittenden. They're both from Canberra. Max is a music teacher, and Ron teaches sport."

Other people laughed and urged them on. The wrestlers broke and ran and one, grabbing a tin full of water, flung it over the other. The fight was over, and, gasping for breath, one said, "How will we ever get this stuff off our clothes?"

Dark-haired Mrs. Allan Donald, who lives at Glen Huon, said, "With water. But don't use soap whatever you do. The stain will only set for good if you do."

The pickers moved off again. Among the vines their fingers moved nimbly (women, I heard, are faster

pickers than men), plucking the loganberries from among the leaves and the thorns.

You could see the straw hats, the red cardigans, and the stained sugar-bag aprons moving methodically along.

Fingers grew redder as they searched each inch for the berries. But, apart from myself and photographer John Askew, I saw no one trying one of the juicy berries.

"Why, I never think of it," one of the women said. "It's only when we're very thirsty that we'll eat the raspberries or loganberries. It's different at home, when we bottle them or make them into pies."

Earn £50

GRANDMOTHERS, grandsons, nieces, and nephews were among the pickers. The best workers pick 200lb. a day. Most earn, said Mr. Brown, from £40 to £50 a month.

The days are long, starting before seven, and finishing at six in the evening.

Everyone helps to brine in the berries. Housewives leave their homes, and ride up to the berry area on trucks. They bring their sandwiches and vacuum flasks with them, and make a brief picnic lunch in the middle of the day.

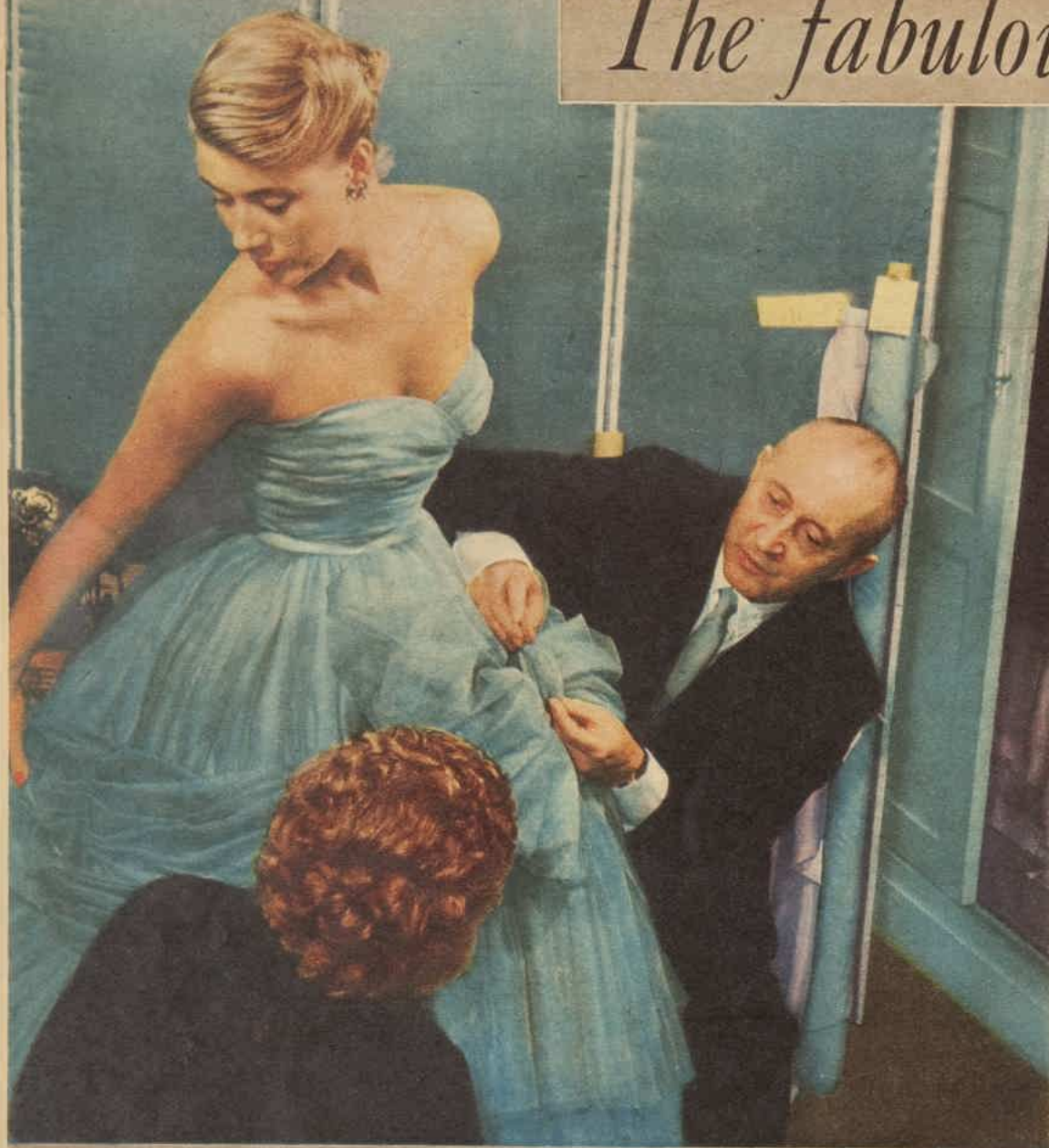
Resident pickers, living in shacks, are provided with bunks and blankets and rough cooking utensils. They look after themselves, usually appearing healthy in the rather spartan life.

Malayan and Chinese students have been among the pickers hired by Mr. Brown in past years. The berries they picked, and those from this year's crop, are trucked down to the valley, where they are pulped for tinned fruit juices or made into jams.



BERRY VINES on part of Mr. Brown's farm known as "The Grass." The dog, Laddie, watches thirteen-year-old Kay Donald, of Toronto, N.S.W., carry a full crate of berries to the packing shed. The berries are used to make fruit juice and jam.

The fabulous DIOR



THE scented, mink-swathed dowagers who bear down on Christian Dior at the end of each half-yearly showing of his new styles, to kiss him on both cheeks and tell him he's done it again, sometimes ask him how he creates. They are doing it again at the showing of his spring collection this week.

Without intention of shocking them, for he is far too gentle a soul to think of shocking anyone, Dior will answer, "In the bath, madame. I created all these dresses in my tub!"

This remark is less peculiar than it sounds. Twice a year, Monsieur Dior, originator of the 1947 New Look, the 1953 Short Skirt, the new H-line, and, by universal acclaim, the fashion designer of this age, goes off alone "in search of beauty."

Daydreaming somewhere in the South of France or Northern Italy, he waits till it comes over him. And, one bright morning, he is ready. Relaxing in his bath, he reaches for the loose-leaf pad and pencil he always places on the stool beside him.

What follows is routine. Still soaking, he rapidly covers page after page with strokes and curlicues, dries himself

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

at last, spends the rest of the day transferring the "short-hand" sketches on to larger sheets, repeats the performance the next morning, and three days later the creative process is finished.

Vacant and at peace, he takes the train for Paris—a million dollars' worth of new Diors tucked into his valise along with his pyjamas.

The daydreams are for sale. To the elite, or what is left of it, a couple of Dior originals, hand-tailored by Dior's own team of high-grade artisans, will make about as nice a souvenir from Paris as a powder-blue limousine, hand-styled by Pinin-Farina, or a pair of pearly earrings from Cartier.

Dior creations will set you back from roughly £100 for a simple daytime frock to round £850 for a lacy, intricately embroidered ball dress.

While there is nothing exclusive about your original Dior, no more than a couple of dozen people—among them such Dior clients as the Duchess of Windsor, the Princess de Rethy, the Archduchess of Luxembourg, Marlene Dietrich or Zsa Zsa Gabor—are likely to be seen in your little cocktail dress this season.

"Aren't people crazy," Dior said to a friend not long ago, "to come in here and spend that much on a dress? Just think, mon cher, what they could do with all those francs."

A formidable, far-flung empire has grown round his magic name. Grossing more than £2,000,000, it is by far the biggest enterprise yet built by any Paris couturier.

Continued on page 18

WORKING UP TO THE LAST MINUTE before his collection is paraded, famous couturier Christian Dior puts the finishing touches to one of his spectacular evening gowns in his Paris workroom. Dior is never sure of himself until his collection has been shown. He knows the fashion world can be fickle.



IN THE MANNEQUINS' DRESSING-ROOM excitement is mounting as the girls put on their new Dior models while the world waits to gasp, to gape, and perhaps to buy. Dior showed his first collection in February, 1947, when it was an immediate sensation. Only eighty creations were shown but all were radically new.



ABOVE: A midinette works on a new Dior model. He employs a thousand people, all dedicated to producing something new in fashion. Right: Film actress Zsa Zsa Gabor admires an evening gown priced at £800.



His name is a legend all over the world, and he has daydreams for sale



ABOVE: Every bead, every sequin has its place in a Dior design. Here two of his seven hundred midinettes work on a heavily embroidered evening gown that will take one hundred hours to make. Some elaborate gowns cost as much as £850 each.

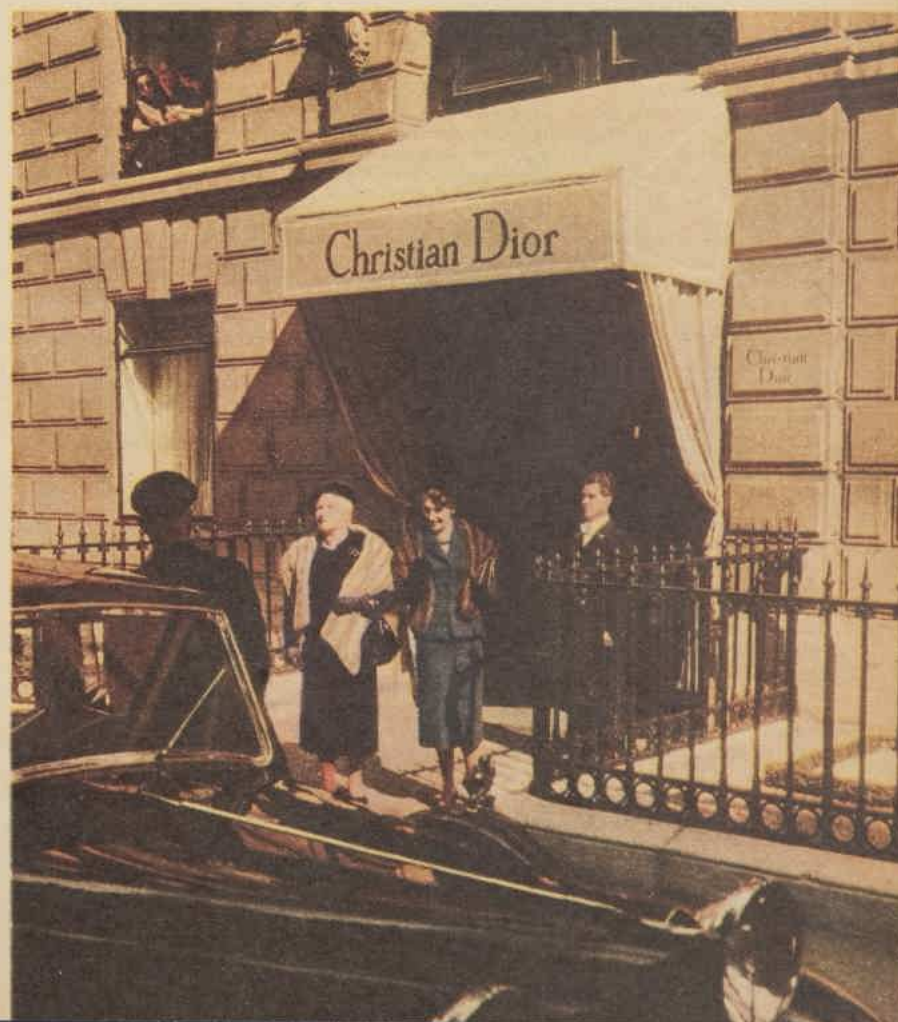


ABOVE (right): A contrast in attitudes as a mannequin parades before buyers in the glittering showroom of Dior's fashion house.



PERFUMES are discussed by Dior (above) and his chief saleswoman. In addition to luxury clothes, he sells the second most expensive perfume in the world. It is made by a separate company.

ENTRANCE to Dior's fashion house (right) in Paris through which go some of the most elegant women in the world. His customers include the Duchess of Windsor and many famous film stars.



The fabulous Dior

CHRISTIAN DIOR'S Paris fashion house itself, besides its line of made-to-order dresses, now deals in stockings, furs, and hats. There is a ground-floor shop selling high-priced accessories and another selling high-priced shoes.

A separate French company pours out two brands of Dior perfume that are the second most expensive in the world.

Ready-to-wear dresses are turned out on a royalty basis to manufacturers in England, America, Chile, Cuba, Mexico, Canada, and Australia. You can order a hand-made Dior in Dior's own establishment in Caracas, Venezuela.

And Dior's nylons are made, under licence, in England, Germany, Italy, Mexico, and the United States.

Nor does the Dior influence stop at these frontiers. Three months after his Paris line is out, you'll find Dior-inspired dresses in every High Street of the Western world; a Frenchman we'd never heard about till eight years ago is worshipped as a dictator of fashion by every Eve whose fig leaf proved inadequate.

The first, and lasting, impression of Christian Dior is hardly that of a fellow who'd enjoy imposing his will on anybody, let alone 100,000,000 females. He earnestly insists that he does not "dictate"—"Women still have to accept what I propose, and women have minds of their own."

A 49-year-old bachelor of medium height, with large, sensitive eyes, a long, tapering nose, and just a suggestion of embonpoint, Dior looks more like a diplomat, a career for which he once prepared himself, than a champion of the high-class ladies' garment trade.

Dressed in an impeccably tailored suit, white shirt and sombre tie, he moves about his realm with measured Latin grace. He'll speak to you in cultured accents, and his typical expression is a bemused smile spreading slowly over his finely chiselled face.

Self-confidence is not his forte. Looking around his humming establishment, a rabbit warren of showrooms, offices, and workshops crammed into four communicating buildings behind the staid facade of the Avenue Montaigne, he gets scared at times: "A thousand people depending for their daily bread on one man's ingenuity!"

"Christian knows how good a couturier he is," say his friends, "but he never knows how good he'll be tomorrow." The day he has completed preparations for his gala opening, his assistants may find him quietly sobbing in his chair:

"Last spring's collection warmed over! Nothing new, nothing original! Hideous dresses, every one of them!"

He gave himself five years of productivity when he started out, early in 1947. And he is acutely aware of the fact that, in his fickle business, two or three dull seasons and a lukewarm Press can send the shiny limousines now parked in front of his gates whistling over to the next bright star.

Christian Dior's parents were solid people. You could count them among the pillars of the moneyed bourgeoisie. When Christian was five, they left the Normandy resort of Granville, where he was born in 1905, for Paris.

The children — three boys, two girls — grew up in the genial atmosphere of a red-plush apartment in suburban Passy, governesses, chauffeured cars, and visits to the theatre and ballet.

From his mother, a beautiful woman, Christian acquired his taste for elegance and his penchant for the gracious life. But papa had plans for him. At nineteen, the sensitive young man enrolled at the School of Political Science, which moulds the minds of future administrators and diplomats.

Gradually without distinc-

tion, after the three-year course, he headed for a little talk with Dior, senior. The result was a compromise; a crestfallen father agreed to grant his wayward son a modest allowance with which to keep going as an art dealer.

Half a decade later, young Dior was just beginning to make a name for himself as a partner in a small art gallery when the French depression sealed the wallets of his customers.

After subsisting for a while on coffee and croissants for lunch, he gave up the business, which folded shortly afterward. Unfortunately, he had ceased to be a rich man's son. Papa Dior, risking his fortune on a dubious real-estate scheme, had lost every centime.

Among the friends who good-naturedly took turns putting him up was Jean Ozenne, a fashion designer. With wide-eyed fascination, Christian watched him draw. Here was something he could do.

Here, once again, was the pursuit of beauty. Patiently, Ozenne taught him the ropes — and Christian trod the boulevards, a portfolio under his arm.

The struggling amateur caught on. Soon, his sketches appeared in "Figaro," the much-esteemed daily; Christian advanced from a series of cheap lodgings to the cleanliness of a self-respecting Left-Bank hotel.

No one was surprised when, in 1938, he landed a job as a designer with the great fashion

house of Robert Piguet. Christian Dior had arrived.

Looking back on those troubled years, he is glad it happened just the way it did. "I can call myself a self-made man."

Alas, before Dior could change the line, Hitler cut him short. All he could do was introduce those swirling free-and-easy daytime skirts which later would draw low whistles from the liberators when mademoiselles breezed past them on their bikes.

After a dreary interlude as a private with an Army railroad gang, and a creditable try at market gardening in the unoccupied south, Dior received the call again — this time from the first gentleman of fashion, Lucien Lelong.

Soon known to the trade as the creative mind behind Lelong's collections, he dreamed of going into business for himself. "Christian Dior, Couture." It sounded good, but how to raise the cash? Dressmakers, like showmen, need a backer.

Well, in the summer of 1946, the backer materialised. He was none other than, miracle of miracles, Marcel Boussac, the nation's leading cotton goods manufacturer, owner of a renowned racing stable,

and, reputedly, the richest man in France. The rest is history.

On February 11, 1947, Dior showed his first collection and swept the world of fashion off its lazy feet. Those who attended the gala opening that morning — representatives of the Press, invited dignitaries, and old friends — remember the event as the first burst of spring, shattering the drabness of the post-war Paris winter.

The faded mansion in the Avenue Montaigne which Marcel Boussac had found him had been transformed into a palace. Fresh hyacinths graced the tiny entrance garden, a couple of doormen with gold buttons and white ties bowed in the guests.

No more than eighty creations were shown. They were — a taxi driver could have seen it — radically new in design.

Skirts were longer, shoulders round, women looked like women again.

What threw the viewers into ecstasy, besides the beauty of the new silhouette, was the lavish use of materials — as much as twenty yards for a pleated skirt, unheard of in bedraggled France — and the exquisite colors.

Paris was on the map again. Within weeks, women the world over, discovering they didn't have a thing to wear, switched to Dior's New Look, and manufacturers lost a few million pounds in stocks which were as out of date as mother's wedding dress.

Dior creates to please. Asked the obvious, "Whom?"



THE NEW H-LINE created by Dior is shown here in this elegant gown of red ottoman silk, with long, dramatically wide stole.

he carefully explains he aims to "please the ladies by enabling them to please their men." Playing a soft spotlight now on this, now on that portion of the female torso, he has, since the New Look, kept up a constant flow of pleasing and exotic innovations.

Dior is self-contained. Having designed each dress, he alone chooses the material and the trimmings.

His sole assistants, during the painful process of gestation which begins with his return from the south, are Madame Raymonde, a woman of rare perspicacity who can tell Dior what she doesn't like about a dress; and Madame Bricard, spry and bejewelled reminiscent of the Belle Epoque, who, picking up a length of taffeta and draping it around herself, just so, transmits to him the essence of true chic.

The show itself — a crescendo of nearly 200 models, displayed in rapid sequence by fourteen tall and haughty mannequins — opens early in February and again late in July.

Repeated daily through the season, it ranks with the great spectacles of Paris, and neophytes will have to produce their passports to get in.

If you wish to place an order, just wait till the last item has swept by.

A saleslady will presently attend to you, and three of Dior's seven hundred midinettes — First Hand, Second Hand, and Little Hand — will soon be charged with the construction of your dress.

You'll have to give the house two weeks; the hand-sewn, petticoated, boned and padded product takes an average of 110 hours to make, and three fittings are compulsory.

But private customers are only half the story. More than forty per cent. of Dior's Paris business is done with professional buyers interested in his "line" rather than its vehicle, the Dior dress. "We are primarily sellers of ideas," members of the staff explain.

A few speciality shops, to be sure, will buy a creation along with the right to reproduce it "exactly" — same material, same buttons — for their local customers.

But most of the agitated men and women who, early

well-meaning friends occasionally tell him, he shows no sign of cracking under the strain. Living comfortably on an estimated income of £25,000 a year before taxes, he has become a well-fixed citizen.

His worldly possession include a chateau in the hills above the French Riviera and a picturesque old mill in the woody country south of Paris for a week-end rest.

His latest acquisition is a sentimental town house in suburban Passy, whose front windows face his old school and whose rear view includes the house where he spent most of his palmy youth. The symbolism is not lost on him.

He's cosily enough ensconced there in an Aladdin's cave of red, green, grey, and yellow

silks and velvets, surrounded by rare tapestries, paintings, statuettes, attended by a white-gloved Spanish valet, dining off precious dishes, and, at night, reposing in a crimson satin bed crowned by a mighty canopy.

Well up on any subject from Mozart to Malenkov to Matisse, he won't mention hemlines unless a visitor insists. "You'd never guess what he's doing for a living," say his friends. Which is, perhaps, as nice a compliment as you can pay a dressmaker.

His ideas are big business

in the season, hang around the Dior showroom until dawn, fingering the lining of some dream dress, are here to shop for manufacturers or big stores.

What they acquire is either the dress itself, for adaptation to a line of simplified replicas in standard sizes, or the dress pattern — the abstract idea on which to work.

By great good luck, Christian was born a Frenchman — he knows how to relax. If he has taken on too much, as



Facts you dare not tell a Woman

Most men, especially husbands, take an occasional hard look at the women in their lives and get a sudden urge to tell them exactly what is wrong.



By **EDDIE SENZ**

famous American beauty expert

She'd painted the points of her Cupid's bow 'way out on her lips instead of directly under her nostrils. Any man could have told her she looked awful—and why.

Next, an older woman, on platform shoes, clacked by jerkily, as if her feet hurt her—which they obviously did.

Her face was set in a tense, high-strung expression that ruined any natural attractiveness she might have possessed. The brown roots of her "blond" hair were beginning to show, which made her whole head look dirty and unattractive.

Then along came a girl whose face was so heavily made up that she appeared to be walking in her sleep.

She had plucked out her own natural eyebrows (the most expressive feature on any woman's face) and had sketched in a pair of narrow, pencilled arches higher up on her forehead.

All that she had achieved was a wooden expression of perpetual astonishment.

A fourth, rather fluttry woman was wearing, believe it or not, a bird-cage hat with a real bird in it. Like many women, she assumed that being "attractive" means attracting attention.

None of this is at all necessary.

Why do women make so many beauty blunders?

Here are some of the things they do wrong:

• **Women are slaves to style.**

Some months ago I went to see a friend who operates the beauty salon of a great department store. Women

were waiting in line for their hairdos, and sketches of six styles were on exhibit for them to choose from.

Overwhelmingly, t h a t month, they were going for the "Italian Look," because it was the current rage.

A few weeks ago, at a formal dance, I saw that 80 per cent. of the women were wearing the new fashionable strapless gown. Most of them looked either ridiculous or ugly.

Flesh is certainly not attractive if a woman has a bony neckline (as many did at this

heads, they drop their manes . . . and if they have pointed chins, they wear V-necked dresses!

• **Women make themselves look cheerless and down-beat.**

They look sour because of the way they groom themselves. Some of them are making misguided efforts to be chic and suave. But others just don't realise how deadly to the eye are lines that slant downward and outward. Thus, some women ruin their looks by pulling their hair down tight. (Hair at the temples should always go up a little before starting down.) Or their lips are sullen-looking because the upper lip is made up to appear larger or longer than the lower, to make the corners of the mouth appear to tip downward.

• **Women don't try to look natural.**

As every man knows, a great many women make a big production out of make-up. And, as every man also knows, a woman stops being attractive the minute you become aware that she has put too much effort on her face.

• **Women dress to please one another.**

The other night I was chatting with a top fashion model. She has developed a chic, bored, aloof expression on her sharply chiselled face. Her hair is close-cropped, and combed back in a stylised, austere manner.

I complimented her on her success as a model. She answered sadly, "Well, I may wow the lady customers, but I certainly don't get far with the men. I'm lucky if I average one date a month."

I could see why, and wished I could make her look more like a woman. In my opinion, women today spend too much time reading beauty theories prepared by other women and comparing notes with their female friends.

Women are dressing to please one another instead of trying to guess what it is about a woman's looks that will fascinate a man.

What are the qualities about a woman that are most attractive to men?

I would say these five are the most potent: softness, graciousness, cheerfulness, gentleness, healthiness.

The average career-girl, hardened by shifting for herself, is lucky to possess even two of these!

• **Women are untidy.**

Yesterday I watched a young wife as she prepared to dash out on to the street after getting a hairdo at my salon. She didn't know I was watching her. First, she peeked at

her shiny nose in the mirror and began patting powder on it without bothering to clean the oily surface.

I shuddered. It was like patting powder on butter. The powder would quickly become a discolored, unsanitary mat.

Next, she began working on her mouth, again without bothering to wipe off the remains of her last batch of lipstick. The result looked opaque and crummy. But, satisfied that she looked beautiful, she departed unconscious that she merely looked untidy.

• **Women refuse to act their age.**

At least two-thirds of all the women I encounter are trying to look younger than they actually are—and some of the results are awful. As they run after youth they usually achieve the opposite effect.

I was at a supper club a few weeks ago and saw the wife of a hotel executive dancing. My information is that she is about 50, but she looked older, because she was trying so hard to look younger. Her hair hung long and loose down on her bare shoulders, in girl-fashion.

It gave her lean face a witchlike, almost ghastly look.

Nature intends us all to grow a little older each year. It is risky to try to look

concluded that beauty, first of all, is truth, as the poet said.

And, second, it is a warm challenging welcome to a fellow being. These are things, of course, neither I nor anyone can add to a woman's face through grooming.

All that any woman can do by grooming is establish for herself an agreeable frame through which her inner beauty, if any, can shine to its best advantage.

If she clutters the view with a ridiculous frame, then her efforts are worse than worthless.

In detailing these common mistakes women make, I have perhaps seemed a little rough with the fair sex. The fact is, as my own bride of a few years will assure you (and I hope without resentment), that I see beauty in every woman.

Usually it is blurred by poor grooming, but it is there, nonetheless. Probably the sweetheart or wife of every man reading this has at least one of the classic marks of physical beauty.

When I am called upon to judge in a beauty contest, I take with me a check list of some of these "marks of beauty" so I can defend my choice in case of argument.

Here, for what they may be worth to you, are six of the marks of the head that suggest physical loveliness, along with the names of the well-known actresses who conspicuously possess them:

A heart-shaped hairline at the temples (Marlene Dietrich).

Large orbits or skull openings in which to set off eyes (Audrey Hepburn).

High cheekbones (Rosalind Russell).

A tilt at the tip of the nose (Deborah Kerr).

Lips that protrude from the plane of the face (Marilyn Monroe).

The oval face (Elizabeth Taylor).

If our ladies would start building from their best assets, rather than from their worst, we would have fewer distressing sights on our streets.

In fact that's my one beauty secret, if I have one: Find out what your best feature is, and work from that.



PERPETUAL SURPRISE

party) or if her underarm skin above the elbow is flabby, as it is with most older women. And the strapless gown does not contain enough fabric to give a curve to the average waist.

In my view, it is flattering only on girls with firm, well-rounded figures.

• **Women fail to grasp the real reason for make-up.**

Many females think the big idea is to cover up something unsightly, like poor skin. This notion comes down from the olden days when every woman who wanted to pass as a "lady" dusted herself daintily with talcum powder.

Many others think the big idea is to brighten themselves. They regard rouge as a cheek-colorer. Actually, its main function is as a shadowing device to cut down the outer expanse of a too-broad face.

Good make-up is primarily optical illusion. Principles of illusion can be used to bring any woman's unfortunately proportioned features into seemingly pleasing balance, and to accentuate her best feature, whether that's her eyes, mouth, ears, forehead, or shape of head.

Some of the worst sights that affect our masculine eyes occur when women try to make the contours of their heads more pleasing. For reasons still obscure to me, they try to make everything else harmonise with their irregularities!

If they have squarish heads, they wear bangs . . . if round heads, ringlets . . . if long



O.S. CUPID'S BOW

younger. Furthermore, I contend, it is pointless.

If you are 40, I see no special point in trying to fool people into thinking you are 35. The great achievement, rather, is to look a wonderful, vibrant, exciting 40.

• **Women lean too heavily on externals in seeking attractiveness.**

I know a 37-year-old woman who has one of the most exquisitely chiselled heads in existence. And she sees to it that I enhance it to the very best of my ability.

Her figure also is remarkably proportioned. Still, I do not consider her an attractive person. Instead she leaves me with a disagreeable feeling.

She is coy, affected, self-centred.

I've been making up women, many of them beautiful women, for nearly 40 years. From that experience I have



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Melvyn Douglas looks at youth

By BETTY BEST, staff reporter

Apart from the fact that as soon as you meet Melvyn Douglas you recognise his famous wry smile, he has little of the Hollywood film star about him.

HE doesn't wear loud clothes (or even very American-looking ones) and he doesn't make any obvious effort to exude charm. Also, he is keener to talk about world affairs and social problems than he is about his career.

When he does discuss his job it is with the humility of a student, although he has spent about 30 successful years acting.

Melvyn Douglas is in Australia to star in a production of the play "Time Out For Ginger" at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne.

The play is about an American family, but Mr. Douglas will be the only American in the cast.

"How does my voice sound to you?" he asked me. "Do you think it will contrast too much with the rest of the company?"

I said that I thought it sounded like a southern accent and would therefore be soft enough to blend with Australian voices.

"Well, that's fantastic!" said Mr. Douglas with a laugh. "I was born in Georgia, but I've never found a soul in the States who could pick it. Fancy coming this far to be placed at last."

Mr. Douglas explained that, as the father of three daughters in the play, he started off the comedy by making a speech in the local high school.

"In a moment of frustration at not having a son, I claim that children should be allowed to do more or less

what they want to and not be curbed too much," he said.

"This, of course, starts off a near riot, particularly when Ginger, the youngest daughter, joins the local boys' football team."

In real life Mr. Douglas has a different attitude. He is particularly interested in child welfare and worked for many years on the Californian Board of Welfare, which is a government organisation dealing with social problems.

His eldest son, Gregory, is married. Another son, Peter, aged 20, is due to graduate in economics this year. His daughter, Mary Helen, is 16.

"I was discussing the problem of child delinquency with Mary just before I left New York," he said, in a voice which clearly showed that his daughter's opinion meant a lot to him.

Responsibility

"HER remarks were very astute. She said that these days children just don't have enough to occupy their energies."

"All the organised games in the world won't be any help in giving you a sense of responsibility."

"We keep our children too long in the child status," he added. "In the States some of them stay at college until they're 25 or 26, often without any real wish to study. That way they'll never grow up."

Mr. Douglas' own marriage, which will have its silver anniversary next year, is an indication of his mature outlook.

His wife was stage actress Helen Gahagan, whom he met when they were in a play together in 1931.



DISCUSSING the cast for his new play, "Time Out For Ginger," which opens in Melbourne on February 16, Melvyn Douglas puffs a cigarette and enjoys talking about acting.

When he joined the army in 1943 and was sent to the Far East, Mrs. Douglas thought she should do some war work, too.

"The first I heard of it was reading in an army newspaper that Helen was running for Congress," he said with a proud smile which crinkles the corners of his eyes. "Apparently someone had asked her to stand and she thought that it was a good idea."

"It was, too. She stayed put for six years and did a most capable job."

"No, I didn't mind being married to a woman politician. We'd both of us always taken a keen interest in politics and I campaigned for Roosevelt's third term throughout three States."

"I'll admit it's lucky we're both Democrats."

Mr. Douglas is one of the few leading men who have played opposite the great Garbo three times.

Hoping to get an inside opinion on the screen's mysterious woman, I asked what he thought of her.

"She's a complex character," he replied. "Most of the stories one reads of her shyness and strangeness are true."

"Greta suffers from a terrible feeling of insecurity and inability to cope with other people."

"Although I knew her for years, I didn't get very close at all. We would walk about a bit together, but the last thing she wanted to be was chummy."

"She told me that in Sweden it was traditional to go to acting academies and learn the craft. She had never been given a chance to do that and when she zoomed to stardom she didn't feel ready for it."

Legend

"EVERY time she went before the cameras she died a thousand deaths. But in spite of it all she had enormous talent. She would worry like mad until she got the feeling of a role, but when she did she just stopped acting and lived it."

"You see, really she remained a complete child and the legend of sophistication was nothing at all like her."

Of another of his leading ladies, Joan Crawford, Mr. Douglas said:

"She fought every inch of the way to get where she is and she still fights to maintain it."

"It's an astonishing career and she is just as magnificent to look at as she was in the beginning."



A VERY PROUD FATHER of three children, and a grandfather, Mr. Douglas enjoys talking about his children. He is seen here with his only daughter, Mary Helen, at a New York restaurant. Mary Helen, who is 16, is keen on music and sculpture, but has expressed no special love for acting.



LEFT: David Hughes, the singer who calls himself Mr. Heartthrob, plays the piano while Winifred Atwell sings a little song.



ABOVE: Winifred Atwell dances with host Nat Rothfield (centre) against a theatrical background of a city skyline.

Party for Winifred

● Famous "pianner" player Winifred Atwell, in Australia to appear on the Tivoli circuit, was entertained in Melbourne at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. N. Rothfield in their Toorak home.



ABOVE: Miss Atwell is served with green salad at supper-time. Seated with her is Mr. David Martin, managing-director of the Tivoli circuit.

LEFT: For an appreciative audience Winifred Atwell beats out her well-known line of boogie rhythm during the party given in her honor.



VARIATIONS ON A STAIRCASE. Seated with Mrs. Rothfield on the staircase, which has a remarkable balustrade designed like a musical score, Miss Atwell makes friends with Peter, the Rothfelds' pet cocker spaniel.

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Page 21

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A WOMAN'S
*Crowning
Glory*

by
Edna Best

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Beauty Adviser



Hair colour, without a doubt, is the beauty feature people notice most. That's why it is so important to every woman. If your hair colour is not all it should be—greying, dull or faded—my advice is for you to take advantage of Napro's wonderful selection of Hair Dyes. You'll be thrilled when you see your hair radiant with the new youthful colour that Napro Hair Dye imparts. You'll be delighted, too, with Napro's glorious true-to-life tonings—they're as fresh and subtle as Nature's own and completely defy detection. And, equally important for that "natural look," Napro leaves your hair beautifully soft, glossy and easy to manage. Thousands of women have proved the marvelous efficiency of Napro Hair Dye, and how easy it is to use. Remember, too, it does not stain the scalp, it is permanent (the colour is developed inside the hair and never wears off), and it takes a perfect perm.

So, for a younger, more beautiful you, choose Napro Hair Dye—it's available in 18 fashion-right shades ranging from light blonde to deep black.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In Grandma's day, egg yolk shampoo was all the rage . . . and what lovely hair she had! Like so many of Grandma's treatments, egg yolk shampoo was very effective—the reason being egg yolks contain a wonderful ingredient called Lecithine which nourishes and beautifies each strand. A special Lecithine shampoo, containing all the goodness of egg yolk, is prepared by Napro. Wonderfully cleansing, Napro Lecithine Shampoo leaves your hair silky soft, aglow with highlights . . . and you'll just love its delicate perfume.

If your hair is very dry, Napro Tar Shampoo is the best you can use. Napro Tar Shampoo has all the stimulating, refreshing properties of tar oils and is most beneficial to the health and appearance of the hair.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

How many times have you said to yourself "my hair just never seems to stay in place" . . . and how often have you envied that "fresh-from-the-salon" look that some women seem to achieve so easily? Napro Hair Lacquer is the answer to this problem. Just sprayed on lightly, it will keep your hair style immaculate all evening through and, in addition, imparts a charming sheen. You'll be thrilled at the extra confidence this perfect grooming gives you.

Edna Best

Lighten your hair
just a shade . . . or
to fairest blonde . . .



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means new loveliness for
hair of any colour

Hair that is dull . . . hair that has lost its natural gloss and glamour responds amazingly to Napro Blonding Emulsion. Whatever your hair colouring, dark, brown or fair, you can lighten it "just a shade" or make it fairest blonde. Napro Blonding Emulsion not only lightens your hair, the blend of rich oils makes your hair silken soft and agleam with highlights and colour. You'll be thrilled at the change . . . and it looks so natural, too.

Other preparations do not allow such exact treatment. Napro Blonding Emulsion lightens your hair to the exact shade you want—the shade that suits you the most. So safe, so gentle, Napro cannot harm the hair. Try Napro Blonding Emulsion yourself—to-day. It's pleasant and easy to use and will make such a wonderful difference to your hair.

Legs and arms, too! Use Napro Blonding Emulsion to lighten dark hair on legs, arms and upper lip.



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DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● The coat-dress looks new in a princess line with fullness concentrated at the back. The one here is designed for an all-purpose autumn ensemble.

THIS fashion is recommended to a country reader who is visiting town for Easter.

Here is her letter and my reply.

"WHAT sort of day frock would you suggest I should make to bring to Sydney to wear over Easter. I will only be going about the city and visiting old friends, and will have my two small children with me. If possible, I would like to obtain a pattern for the design you choose. I need a 36in. pattern."

I don't think you could have anything smarter or more practical for your city holiday than a coat-dress. The dress is illustrated at right. It is cut with neatness and deftness, and could be made in the thinnest possible wool or silk shantung. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Lines under the sketch give further details.

"I HAVE just finished making a navy crepe frock with a wide square neckline, and now find it looks rather plain. Would you please give me a suggestion for some trimming?"

White pique bandings outlining the neckline, finished with a matching bow at the centre front, will add to the flattery of an open neckline.

"WOULD you please design me a suit I can wear in the early autumn and on to winter? I am 18, with a good figure and just becoming established as a fashion model. I want the suit to be black."

I suggest a suit made in black alpaca with a waist-length jacket and slender skirt. Have the jacket cut to combine ease with shapeliness, because that is the suit line for autumn. The suit will look even newer if, instead of a blouse, you wear a camisole top over the skirt.



"PLEASE suggest a simple but new design for a cocktail frock. The material I am using is black satin. I am about medium build, perhaps a bit on the thin side. I want a really smart ensemble."

A camisole-top princess dress with a full skirt emerging from gores at hip level would be new and smart for a black satin cocktail dress. By the way, late-day hats for the coming season are very important. They are often tiny, and worn right back from the forehead, flat on the back of the head. One in black satin to wear with your dress would be very chic.

"COULD you please tell me what are the newest colors being used for nightgowns and some of the latest styles? I am being married in six months' time and would like to make some of my lingerie at home."

DS115. — Coat-dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and 4yds. in 54in. material. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Carnation-red, dark and pale rose-pink, warm ivory (New York lingerie designs call the latter candlelight), white trimmed with black lace, and black trimmed with scarlet net are some of the newest color ideas and color combinations for autumn lingerie.

There are numbers of nightgowns as romantic as ballgowns, some narrowly pleated, others with gracefully flowing skirts. The street-length nightgown is chic and new. In this category the line often falls straight from a little shoulder yoke, and is left unbelted. Ecru lace is a popular trim. Embroidery and appliques of fruit, flower, and butterfly motifs are also enjoying a new vogue.

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More and More

the trend is to GAS

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Beauty
in Brief ...

Short order routines

By CAROLYN EARLE

● A tepid, scented bath after a tiring day will help relax your nerves and prepare you for restful slumber.

CLEANSE your face with a mild soap or favorite lotion and then smooth some cream into your face and neck before stepping into the tub. Remain in the water long enough to cool off and relax.

A dusting of bath powder is a nice finish to the bath routine. Or, if your skin is dry, rub some lotion well into it. When exercises are part of the beauty routine, they are best done before bathing. Do select the less energetic ones.

For a quick facial pick-up, swab the skin with a piece of cottonwool wrung out in iced skin astringent to remove smeared lipstick and caked foundation.

Fold the cottonwool to the clean side, then go over the forehead, around the nose, chin, and throat.

When the moisture dries—and it's good to stand in front of a fan while it does so—powder your face and freshen your lipstick. You will feel like a new woman.



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You can't turn yourself into a hairdresser overnight—it takes years of training and experience. So why take the risk of perming your own hair? It could be all right—it could be all wrong, particularly if your hair is not in good condition at the time. When you go to a trained Marigny hairdresser you are certain of a good result before you start. You have the combination of the best cold wave process and a first-class hairdresser who can time your wave to a minute.

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makers of Smart Set (setting lotion) and other Hair Cosmetics.

KAY MELAUN says . . .

Here's your answer

Etiquette is a real bugbear. There are so many occasions on which you can safely break the rules that really it would be simpler if they were hard-and-fast. Then everyone would know,

TWO letters this week illustrate occasions when strict rules can well be broken.

Here is the first one:

"I AM shortly to be married and would like to have a couple of points of etiquette cleared up for me. Firstly, my fiancé wishes to wear a grey lounge suit (it is an afternoon wedding for about 40 guests) instead of the usual navy. This would be a popular decision for both himself and my father, who is to give me away, as neither of them wears a navy suit. Would grey be permissible or laughable?"

"2. When sending out invitations should I send one to my fiancé's mother, who will undoubtedly be coming, and should I send one to my matron-of-honor and her husband or not? He will also be coming.

"3. Is it advisable to invite the minister (with or without his wife), as neither of us knows him, and the church is outside our parish?"
L., Revesby, N.S.W.

Grey is all right for the

men's suits. Have no doubts about it.

Etiquette books prescribe morning suit for the groom, and many people think that, short of this, only a dark (and preferably navy) lounge suit

in exactly the same manner as you send all the other invitations.

3. Asking the minister and his wife is not strictly necessary, but it is a courtesy usually observed.



"I WOULD like to know how to answer a written invitation. Should I send one of those cards on which one has only to fill in one's name, write a formal acceptance (e.g., So-and-so has much pleasure in accepting somebody's kind, etc), or write a short note. If, for some reason, I have to refuse, is it correct to buy an "inability to accept" card, write a note refusing, or send a formal acceptance and a note refusing the invitation? My mother says the latter is correct, because one should never refuse outright an invitation. I do hope you can help me. I feel sure that many other teenagers are just as confused on most of these points."

Patsy, Toowoomba, Qld.

Don't ever use one of the printed cards either for accepting or for inability to accept.

Reply according to the form of the invitation. If the invitation is engraved or printed, write a formal acceptance; if it is a letter of invitation, write an informal note.

Your mother is correct, strictly speaking, about the routine for refusing an invitation. But this applies only in the case of weddings. On every other occasion you're safe in writing your regrets.

"I AM a reader of your paper, which my aunt sends regularly. I am a 19-year-old girl student, an only child, and I wonder if any of your readers around my own age, both boys and girls, would care to write to me. I'm interested in anything they care to write about, and I'll answer all their letters."

Margaret Macpherson,
Queen Margaret Hall, 40 Bute
Gardens, Hillhead, Glasgow,
Scotland.

DEBBIE'S RECIPE

FOR supper snacks to serve on toast or buttered rolls Debbie makes devilled prawns. She prepares the mixture in the afternoon so that it only needs reheating at supper time.

DEVILLED PRAWNS

One ounce butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ small onion, 1 tablespoon flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, squeeze lemon juice, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, dash cayenne pepper, salt to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cooked prawns, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese.

1. Melt butter or substitute.
2. Add onion, cook until transparent but not browned.
3. Add flour, stir until smooth; cook 2 minutes.
4. Add milk, stir until boiling.
5. Add Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice, mustard and pepper.
6. Season to taste with salt.
7. Fold in shelled prawns and cheese.
8. Reheat before serving on rolls or toast.

NO one could ever call Ted Heath's LP "Strike Up The Band" an album of great music, but you'll have to agree that it is vastly entertaining. This is that terrific "big band sound" we hear so much about, and I notice that it has been listed as one of the best "high fidelity" platters now available.

HEATH is playing in person in Australia soon, so this makes a stylish introduction. Titles on wax (I should say vinylite nowadays!) are "Strike Up The Band," "Obsession," "Clair de Lune," "Piper's Patrol," "Vanessa," "Hot Toddy," "On The Bridge of Avignon," "Alpine Boogie," "You Are My Heart's

DISC DIGEST

Delight," "Alouette," "La Mer," and "Hawaiian War Chant"—something for everyone, and each is brilliantly played. Number is LKA.4064.

I SUPPOSE everyone who has ever listened to the radio must know Nicolai's overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor," which occupies one side of CFR10-602. Not so well known is the companion piece, Auber's overture to "The Masked Ball." While not so immediately catchy as the other, it is tuneful, and so typical of the light opera stage of the early 19th cen-

tury. For that reason there is a strong period charm about both pieces, which for these recordings are played by the Rhineland Symphony Orchestra.

DICK HAYMES and Helen Forrest make an enjoyable team on CFR10-389, a medley of such likeable tunes as "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," "I'll Buy That Dream," "Till We Meet Again," and "You Stole My Heart." Dick we have heard often, but Helen hasn't had many local releases. It's no surprise when you hear her to learn that she has been featured with Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman, and Harry James.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 9, 1955



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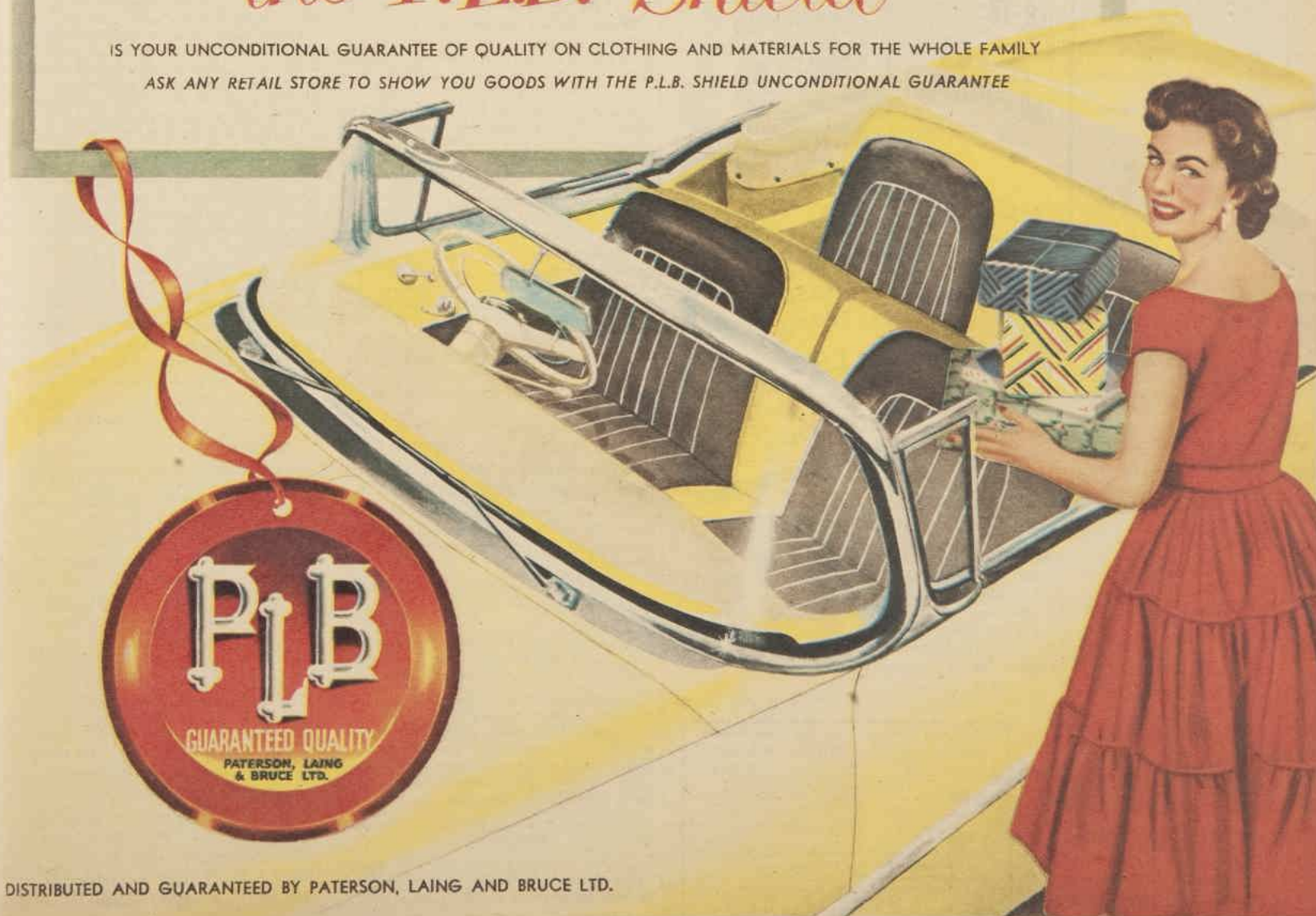
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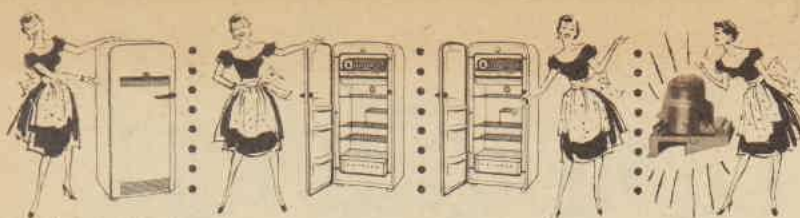
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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"We should do rather well in Uncle Fred's will. After all, there's only you, myself, and Aunt Dolly here."

MOTHER



"He's either passionately fond of music or he loathes washing up."

It seems to me

EVERY now and then I am attacked by a domestic fit — that is, an interest in the house over and above that which is necessary to survive.

Lately it has gone as far as new cushion covers, a step which some people hold is two years overdue.

To term this interior decoration is perhaps going a little too far. Nevertheless it awakened for me an interest in those shiny American magazines devoted to the home.

Looking through one I was arrested by the description of a Californian house. It was a bobby dazler. A large color picture, taken presumably from a stepladder, showed a shapely blonde stretched out on a mat, reading.

"Notice the way the floor acts as a table," ran the description, "so that ashtrays and other objects are in reach of the fur and straw mats. Notice also the painting suspended from the ceiling for a mat's eye view."

Honestly, not a word of the foregoing is invented. And it's perfectly true about the painting, which was a great 6ft. by 4ft. thing in a heavy frame suspended face down from the ceiling by wires at each corner.

One can only hope that wires are tested regularly, otherwise it would be goodbye to blonde, ashtrays, and all.

Still, the thought has possibilities. As all untidy people know, most objects have a way of getting to the floor one time or another. Picking up everything off the floor is the first step in tidying up. Suppose you just leave the objects there, and make a virtue of it?

As with all advanced interior decoration, the thing is to keep a straight face on the matter, in order to delude your friends as well as yourself.

ACCORDING to an English newspaper there's a new kind of fortune-teller in Mayfair using white rats.

The rats are asked questions, which they answer by picking up sticks, or not picking them up. It costs the customer ten guineas a session.

This is a novel approach in fortune-telling, which always flourishes one way or another, despite its illegality.

A long time ago I shared a flat with some girls, one of whom found a very unusual fortune teller, known as the "egg-lady."

The egg-lady visited households, by invitation, having been assured of a minimum of four clients. Each client was required to hold an egg in her hand for a few minutes, then hand it to the seer, who looked at its blank white exterior and made pronouncements about prospects for the future.

Her charge was 2/6 per person, eggs provided by the customers.

I don't remember what she told us, but I dare say it was as reliable as any information likely to be given by a white rat.

By



Dorothy Drann

WITH ten o'clock hotel closing now officially in force in New South Wales, that battered old bone of contention, women in bars, has been dragged out again.

To call it a bone of contention is perhaps to exaggerate, for one seldom meets a woman who really wants to go into a bar to drink.

There seems, however, to be an impression abroad, mostly among idealistic men, that the presence of women in bars would have a soothing influence on the more savage drinkers, and that Australian hotels would thereby take on magically the atmosphere of English inns.

There is a similar obsession, by the way, about darts. I don't know what remarkable properties darts have, as compared with, say, snakes and ladders or crossword puzzles, but some people seem to regard them highly as a civilising factor. It is possible that I am prejudiced on the point, being unable to aim straight with a half brick at close range.

Coming back to men and women — so much more interesting — it is undeniable that men like to get away from women at times.

I think women would be unwise to deny them these avenues of escape. Leave them alone, and they'll come home. If you don't they'll find some other temporary refuge, make no mistake.

PALM for one of the month's useless suggestions goes to the personnel director of a big American company, who said that women should be more forthright "about their intentions concerning the permanence of their careers."

He said the employer can then "plan better for the so-called career woman and regard the others as transients."

Imagine asking a new batch of 18-year-old female employees their intentions regarding the permanence of their careers! Much better ask Tom, Dick, and Harry, THEIR intentions!

IN Texas, U.S.A., sandstorms are now being named after men. Many American women took exception to the general American practice of labelling hurricanes with feminine names.

*A ship is a she and a car's a she,
They're always feminine gender,
A girl doesn't mind, for who could see
A thing in that to offend her?*

*For She can be sweet and She is Jake
(There are others we'd best not mention),
But why should the ladies exception take,
As long as they've men's attention*

*A hurricane, true, leaves ravage and wrecks,
Most women are gentle breezes,
But a tribute's there to the female sex,
And really, it ought to please us.*

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 9, 1955



THREE GENERATIONS. Mr. and Mrs. Graham Nock after their wedding at St. Michael's, Vancluse, with their attendants (from left) John Coghlin, Suzanne Teakle, Brian Bennett, Susan McCothie, and Mr. and Mrs. Ken Chapman. Behind are the bridegroom's parents, Sir Norman and Lady Nock, grandmothers Mrs. David McCothie, sen., and Mrs. E. A. Stiefvater, and the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McCothie. The bride wore a gown of pleated white tulle and guipure lace with a fingertip-length white tulle veil.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

TWO months' holiday in New Zealand for recently engaged Winsome White, whose fiancé, Peter Thomas, drove to Sydney from his Tambar Springs property to see her off.

Winsome, an old Ascham girl, is the daughter of Mr. Frank White, of "Mulya," Cobar. Peter is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Thomas, of "Tambar Vale."

When she returns from New Zealand, Winsome and her sister, Mrs. Stewart Thomas, will go up to Cobar for their picnic races as their father is the president of the Picnic Race Club there.

RETURNING to England in Orsova are Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Geddes after a month in Australia staying with their son, Mr. Ian Geddes, of "Yallock," Holbrook.

AN April wedding is planned by Suzanne Manchec and Max Reynolds, who have just announced their engagement. Suzanne is spending the summer at Collaroy with her parents, the John Manchecs, of "Yamburgan," Noonboo Siding, South-West Queensland. Max is the son of Aubrey Reynolds, of "Genesse," Cumnock, N.S.W.

HONEYMOONING at Mt. Gambier are country couple Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Little, of "Bellevue," Grenfell, who married at St. Joseph's, Grenfell, last month. The bride was formerly Cecily Power, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Power, of "Wongarra," Grenfell. Anthony is the youngest son of Mr. Henry Little, of Grenfell, and the late Mrs. Little.

ATTRACTIVE air hostess Frances Graham and Lieutenant John Williams, R.A.N., announce their engagement this week. Frances is the daughter of Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. G. J. Graham, of "Armstrong," Double Bay. John is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Williams, of Ashgrove, Brisbane.



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cant after their wedding at All Saints' Church, Woollahra. The bride was Robin MacPhillamy, daughter of the G. S. MacPhillamys, of "Nerren," Forbes. Bridegroom is the son of Mr. Roy Cant, of Maitland, and Mrs. Freda Cant. Country guests attended.



CONVENTION. Lord McGowan (left) with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Holt at a late-afternoon party following the Australian Citizenship Convention in Canberra's Albert Hall.

AUTHOR'S SON. Mr. and Mrs. Tony Clune after their marriage at St. Mark's, Darling Point. The bride was Patricia, daughter of the Gilbert Storeys, of Dover Heights. Tony is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clune, of Vancluse.



AT RECEPTION. Lieut.-General E. W. Woodward and Mrs. Woodward were guests at the State Government Australia Day reception.



IN CANBERRA. Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Harnsen after their wedding at St. John's signing the register with Archdeacon Arthur. The bride was formerly Fleur Wigmore, only child of the Lionel Wigmores.

A MOTOR trip to Melbourne followed the wedding of Joan Rayner and John Dickinson at St. Joseph's, Edgecliff. Joan is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Rayner, of Lakemba, late of Mount Beauty, Victoria. John is the son of the Henry Dickinsons, of Woollahra. On their way back from Melbourne the newlyweds will stay with Joan's sister, Mrs. Max Drummond, in Albury.

A HOME at Vermont, Victoria, with a view of the Dandenong Ranges, for Nola Dwyer and John Armstrong after their wedding on February 5 at Melbourne Grammar School Chapel. The bride is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Dwyer, of Canberra, and John is the younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Armstrong, of Melbourne.

Anne

The Duke's o

By THE DUCHESS OF

IN the past wherever we've lived we've always taken some parts of our cherished collections with us. But usually most of them have had to be packed away. Here at the mill, for the first time, we've been able to have them about us—to use them and make them part of our home.

Both the Duke and I are collectors. His interests are largely historical and military, and the big barn room—it's more than 40ft. long—makes a perfect background for his historic collections of military

trophies. With would some looked by been the "We said, "hundred Perhaps summer



• ABOVE: The most historic piece in the room is the table next the fireplace—the one at which the Duke signed the Abdication. The map shows his engagements as Prince of Wales. On the left wall hang three of his collection of ceremonial baggage banners; the coffee-table is made from a drum of the Welsh Guards.



• THE DUKE at his desk, which is placed so he can look out on the garden—his room—it holds all his best-loved mementos—but we often welcome guests

own room

WINDSOR

as well as for those of his sports and travels. The mill finished this summer, the Duke sometimes shake his head over the garden. It ought to me—I could hardly believe it had now bare place I saw last winter. "Give the mill done in twenty-two months," he said, "to make a garden they say you need a year!" "So, but I can't help thinking that in one we've made quite a good start."



den beyond the french windows. This is really its here or serve tea before one of the fireplaces.



● ABOVE: The huge map over the mantel is one the Duke had in London of the pre-World-War-II world—now appropriately antiqued. On the bookcase in the corner are folders containing addresses of welcome given to him as Prince of Wales on his world travels—also some more recent ones. The portrait head was done while we were living in the Bahamas.

● BELOW: You enter the room from the main courtyard through the wide french window. On both sides of it are Grenadier Guards' drums and bugles; on the wall, mounted on shields, are shoes of the horses the Duke rode in steeplechases he won. The trompe l'oeil painting over the table hid the pipes of an organ in the house we formerly had in Paris.

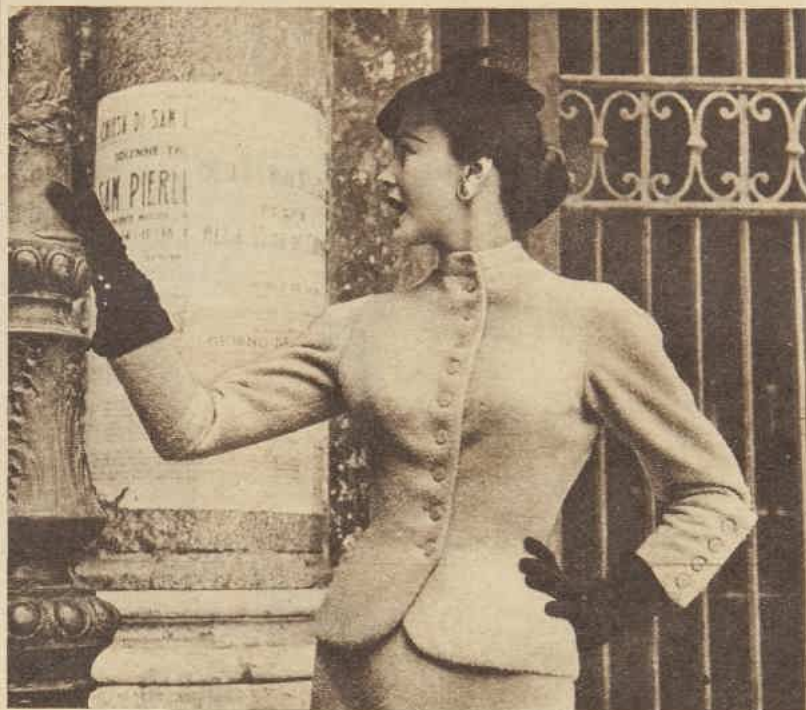


Autumn clothes—designed and made in Italy



COFFEE-BROWN TWEED is chosen for this slender suit. The sailor-type mink collar is matched to the barrel-shaped muff. Jet beads and earrings, a small black side-tilted beret, and shoes with the new lower daytime heel complete the ensemble. Design by Ferdinandi of Rome.

● These four designs were chosen from the Italian autumn-winter collections. All have that country's fashion formula—a brilliant kind of easiness for day and chic simplicity for after dark.



SCARLET WOOL with black accessories is the dramatic color combination chosen for the Ferdinandi suit shown (above). The front-buttoned jacket is given an Oriental look by the small, upstanding collar. The skirt is pencil-slim.



EVENING DRESS (left) is made entirely in tiny pleats arranged to form wide bands. The material is sulphur-yellow silk taffeta. Designed by Capucci.



HAND-KNIT evening sweater (right) made in white angora wool. The sweater is sleeveless, and neckline is scooped low to display jewellery. Design by Spagnoli of Turin.

Worth Reporting

WHENEVER 90-year-old Mr. A. B. Hector, of Greenwich, N.S.W., is feeling slightly tired, he takes a tonic by watching all the colors of the rainbow flash and vibrate within an artificial grotto that is normally concealed behind the curtain of his own specially constructed theatre.

Recently he invited us along as audience, and we sat in a quiet room while Miss Flora McDonald played the piano, and while mauve, yellow, red, green, and white lights illuminated the rock lilies, artificial boulders, painted waterfalls, and caves on Mr. Hector's stage.

"Ah, sweet mystery of life, at last I've found you," played Miss McDonald, and with each chord yellow, blue, and bright pink colorings appeared.

Mr. Hector, who says "Science is my hobby," has, for over 40 years, been demonstrating his theory that the arts of music and color combined will provide relief for physical and emotional troubles.

When Miss McDonald (who shares the home with Mr. and Mrs. Hector) plays, each note and chord on the piano connect with an instrument panel which in turn generates current for well over 100 lamps, concealed in the grotto.

After the recital, during which we were informed that Miss McDonald was a master of the color-music art, having played the piano for Mr. Hector since before World War I, Mr. Hector asked us how we felt.

"Relaxed," we stated.

"Enough said!" cried Mr. Hector, rising from his armchair and pacing round the room with the energy of a young man.

"The music and color always make me feel relaxed, fit, and healthy. I am convinced that this is a science with an important psychological aspect, which should be brought to the notice of the world."

PORT OF SPAIN, Trinidad, the first port of call on Princess Margaret's Caribbean tour, has the only free bar in the world.

The visitor is invited in to enjoy any or all of the ten different drinks served. The only "penalty" is a tour of the Angostura Bitters factory, which supports the bar.



"Put down that book, Eddie. Remember, we're engaged, not married."

Too tough for women

DOWN in Tasmania we relaxed on a cedar pew in a penthouse and looked at the court where the first game of tennis was played in Australia back in 1875.

The court featured a net, very high at the sides, sagging in the middle, and topped with a binding of red plush.

A buttress projected on the "hazard" side of the court, while fleur-de-lis and crowns were painted on the sides of the indoor tennis court where the ancient game of Royal Tennis is played.

Mr. Percy Finch, the professional at the Royal Tennis Court, Hobart, has been playing the game for the past 53 years. It is the original tennis, which was played 500 years ago in the courts of France and England.

The court reproduces exactly the setting of a walled courtyard in an old palace. Hobart men go there each day to wield lop-sided racquets with which they smite hard tennis balls, serving them down to rebound off a penthouse roof on to the court.

The penthouse, in the case of Royal Tennis, is a single storied gallery which runs round two sides of the court.

Englishman Samuel Smith Travers, a devotee of the game, brought his own professional out from Great Britain, and immediately on arrival in Hobart had the court built for his private use.

Melbourne now has a Royal Tennis court (managed by the son of the first professional), which is the only other one in Australia. There are 19 courts in the United States and 12 in England, the most famous being at Queen's Club and at historic Hampton Court.

Mr. Finch told us that 50 men play regularly in Hobart, that the game is too strenuous for women, and that all lawn tennis is derived from the historic game, which he considers to be fast and one for which extreme skill is needed.

No hepcats in his house

LAST week we called in on Warwick Braithwaite, newly appointed musical director of the National Opera of Australia, while he was rehearsing the champagne chorus from "Die Fledermaus."

A bearded, stocky, pixie-faced man, he sat on a rickety chair by a piano in a grubby Sydney schoolroom used for rehearsals.

Powerful voices rocked the furniture as his hands brought up the volume for the last chorus. On the last line he leapt to his feet and joined in the singing.

New Zealand born, Mr. Braithwaite has worked in London and Europe for 37 years and calls himself "stateless."

His excitement about working with the Opera is marred only by his disappointment at having to leave his wife and three children in England.

"The youngest, 15-year-old Nicholas, who is still at school, has recently renounced his passion for jazz and Johnnie Ray in favor of classical music," he said.

"He won't allow anyone to have light music on the radio now," Mr. Braithwaite added rather proudly. "He knows I prefer classical music."

Book News

By Helen Frisell

"OUR YESTERDAY" (Australian life since 1853 in photographs). Irma Pearl arranged and Cyril Pearl gave the commentary on these photographs which range over a century. They show Chinese diggers arriving at Ballarat by Cobb and Co. Coach; Circular Quay crowded with sailing ships; and bathing belles of the 'eighties. For the historically minded, this book is a fascinating record of the past.

Angus & Robertson.

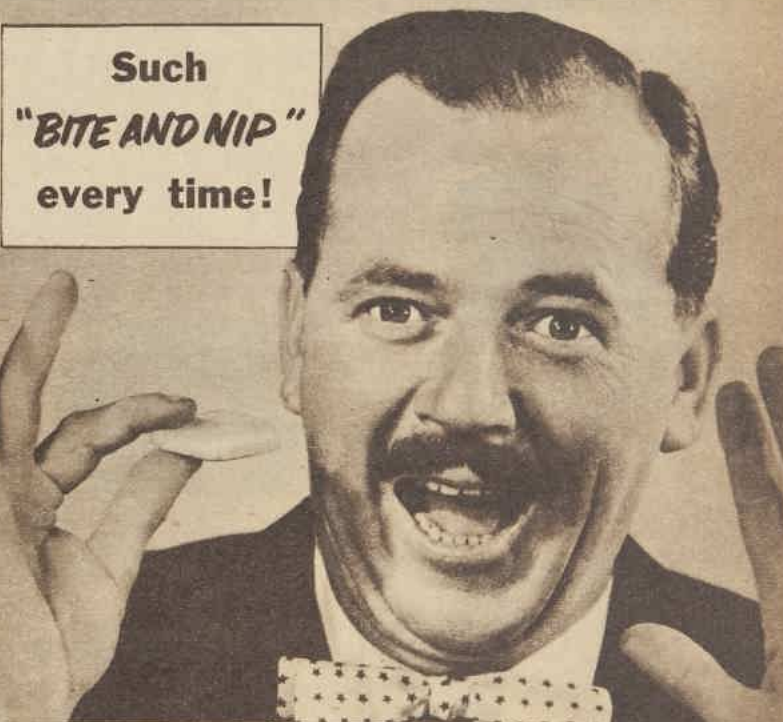
"JOURNEY FROM THE ARCTIC." Starting off in winter from Arctic Finland, author Donald Brown and a Danish friend mounted two horses, Musti and Pilki, and headed for southern Norway. This book is a record of their ride and the people they met on the way.

Hodder & Stoughton (Angus & Robertson).

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* Enjoy these
New Flavours and
Old Favourites

RASPBERRY, STRAWBERRY, LOGANBERRY, RED CURRANT,
BLACK CURRANT, PORT WINE, LEMON, LIME, ORANGE,
MANDARIN, GRAPEFRUIT, APRICOT, PINEAPPLE, FRUIT
SALAD, VANILLA.

* Try these Jelly Recipes... *

RASPBERRY CREAM

1 packet raspberry jelly crystals or tablet,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tin unsweetened evaporated milk.
Dissolve jelly in boiling water to make up to
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint—if necessary, stand in basin of hot
water to dissolve completely. Cool. Add
evaporated milk. Place in a mould or serving
bowl.

ORANGE QUARTERS

1 packet raspberry or strawberry jelly
crystals or tablet, 3 large oranges.
Prepare jelly mixture according to directions.
Cut oranges in halves, remove pulp. Fill the
empty shells with the jelly mixture. When
quite firm, cut each in halves with a sharp
wet knife.
Grapefruit skins may be used in the same way
—very pretty with lime jelly.

QUICK BANANAS IN JELLY

1 packet lemon or lime jelly crystals or
tablet, 3 bananas.
Prepare jelly mixture according to directions.
Leave until thickening. Peel and slice bananas;
carefully stir through the jelly and place in a
mould or serving bowl.

PARTY TRIFLE

1 packet raspberry or strawberry jelly
crystals or tablet, 1 Swiss roll, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint
thick custard, ice cream, blanched
almonds.
Prepare jelly mixture according to directions.
Cool. Place Swiss roll in an oval serving bowl.
Spoon the jelly over and round the cake.
When jelly is set, pour cold custard over.
Cover the roll with ice cream or whipped
cream.

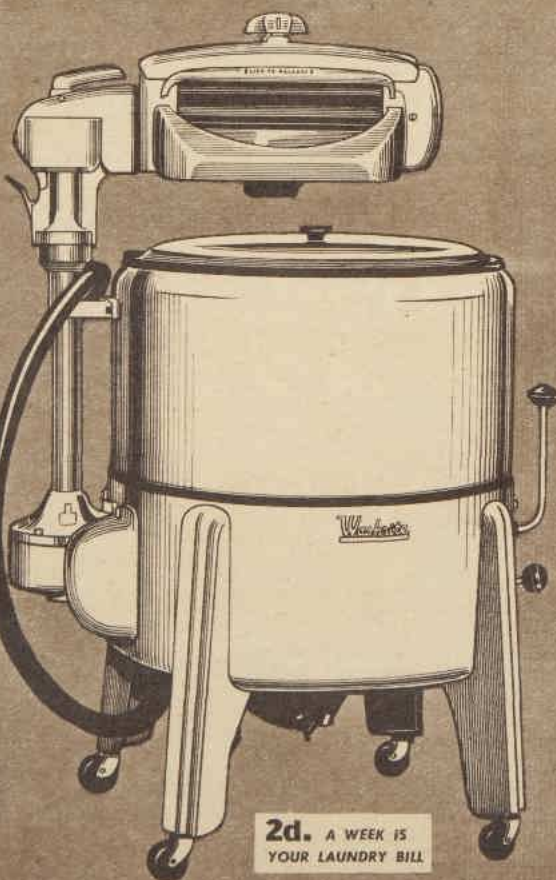
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JELLIES

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days February 9 and 12. The more pure white you wear the more successful you will be in love, and in social activities.</p>	<p>★ Playing politics where money matters are in question, because you're trying to please everybody. You might end up by pleasing nobody. Be direct, straightforward.</p>	<p>★ Domestic affairs may advance personal happiness. Hospitality may be a feature, with clever, casual entertaining along original lines. Teenagers may be a help.</p>	<p>★ You might attempt to walk a tightrope from one complicated situation to another, through no fault of your own, because you hate to hurt somebody's feelings.</p>	<p>★ It's fine to be on the team, but don't make yourself the work-horse, getting all the tough jobs nobody else is game to tackle. Allow a margin for your private life.</p>
<p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days February 9 and 13. Wear any of the yellows, from palest to deepest nasturtium shades, if you wish to show your talents.</p>	<p>★ You can build up good relationships, which may be of help when you are eager to achieve one of your ambitions. Those who count will then be on your side.</p>	<p>★ If a parent, more leisure for your own ideas, with children returning to school. Others pick up a project which had to be laid aside through circumstances.</p>	<p>★ Afraid of losing face if you back down, you are quite likely to leave the one you love puzzled over your apparently erratic conduct. Make a simple explanation.</p>	<p>★ Leadership can be yours if you go after it, but you'll find you pay for it in responsibilities. Try to gain the help of those who are conscientious and reliable.</p>
<p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days February 8 and 14. All delicate tints of mauve and grey, plain or in combination, will add dignity and charm.</p>	<p>★ Leave the initiative to the other fellow. Listen, learn, store in your memory the information you have gained. When the time comes for action you'll be armed.</p>	<p>★ Put your ideas down on paper to prevent muddled thinking. The household schedule is likely to require overhauling. Extra time to yourself is worth scheming for.</p>	<p>★ You are highly romantic at the moment, except where money is involved. You'll cling to your possessions, and no rose-colored appeal will influence you.</p>	<p>★ You are quite likely to scrap all previous plans in favor of something new and different. New pastimes always look greater, and the old set-up was threadbare.</p>
<p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days February 11 and 13. Wear blue and white accessories, stick to small patterns in printed materials for luck in everything.</p>	<p>★ You may be baffled by a lack of response to your enthusiastic ideas. Some minds work more slowly than yours. Give them the chance to weigh the pros and cons.</p>	<p>★ Friction could develop over a trifling matter. Some member of the family may be making a nuisance of himself. Talk it over in a friendly way and settle it.</p>	<p>★ If sharing a secret with your beloved, there is danger that you may let the cat out of the bag too soon. You do the listening and let others do the talking.</p>	<p>★ A good, rip-roaring fight may clear the atmosphere, but you'll have to pick up the pieces and it still won't solve any problems. Meet your opponents half-way.</p>
<p>LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Best days February 10 and 13. Charcoal, black, black-and-white effects, with a golden flower or ornament, may bring romantic adventures.</p>	<p>★ Obligated to work indirectly through friends or associates, team-work is essential at present. Be ready to pass up the applause and push through plans.</p>	<p>★ Asked to take on a fresh responsibility, which appeals to you but may complicate your daily routine, count the cost before coming to a decision. Don't change later.</p>	<p>★ Harmony should prevail between you and the one you love, shedding a pleasant glow on all your personal affairs, but you may be too busy to see much of each other.</p>	<p>★ Whatever you undertake you'll be learning something, whether it be in organizing a social event or in handling people. This brings confidence.</p>
<p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Best days February 12 and 14. Pastel green, if set off by white, helps the job-hunter, the bargain-hunter, or the outdoor girl.</p>	<p>★ There may be shifts in connection with your work. These, perhaps unwelcome, may turn out an improvement and make your job easier or pleasanter.</p>	<p>★ No matter how hard you try, it seems impossible to keep up with all the demands upon you, some of them really unreasonable. Do your best and stop worrying.</p>	<p>★ Your beloved may take you into his or her confidence in regard to an important matter, probably connected with future career plans. You can help by giving support.</p>	<p>★ Being by nature methodical, you may find it easy to produce new variations on an old theme; you dish up old ideas in a new way and become known as clever.</p>
<p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days February 8 and 12. If you have an amethyst ornament, wear it. If not, pale blues and pinks attract romantic friendship.</p>	<p>★ Either there is a new side to your work or a special feature which interests you. You may wish to hustle through the tiresome part to get quickly to the enjoyable.</p>	<p>★ If called on to mind the child of a relative or neighbor in an emergency, you will find the obligation acknowledged and receive favors in return.</p>	<p>★ That love affair may be progressing rapidly. You may be drifting towards a state in which your crowd pairs you off together, but a formal engagement is far off.</p>	<p>★ It's fun to be a bit scatter-brained once in a while, and you'll take your social interests lightly just now. They may be temporary, but they suggest a new chapter.</p>
<p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days February 9 and 12. A deep violet handkerchief could make a white unusual and bring happiness, particularly to older women.</p>	<p>★ There may be loneliness on the job. A friend may be away, or you may have a personal worry, which makes it difficult to concentrate. This is just a phase.</p>	<p>★ Dig yourself in and relax; you've earned it. Visitors may not be very welcome, if you feel you need a few days of rest. Your health may be below par just now.</p>	<p>★ His thoughts may be running on how to make furniture, while hers could be concerned with making trousseau collections. You are both thinking of that future home.</p>	<p>★ You'll earn everything you get this week, whether it involves people or prestige. You'll be obliged to take the initiative and carry on with little support.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days February 12 and 14. Deep blue favors appointments, which turn out highly satisfactory, also agreements with relatives.</p>	<p>★ Plenty of running around, chasing side issues, tasks which must be done over again, with small results to show for your efforts, but that's all part of the game.</p>	<p>★ Getting away from home may not be easy, but if you're determined you'll step out, perhaps as a week-end, or just for the day, while the dust accumulates.</p>	<p>★ Gossip, based on either vague hearsay or mere unkindness, could harm your relations with one you love. Avoid jumping to conclusions or acting in haste.</p>	<p>★ Slow those worries down south and forget them. You can bounce back faster than anybody when the going is bumpy. Chance will iron out a number of frayed edges.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days February 8 and 11. Dark brown, if brightened by a spot of orange, is good for buying and selling or general business.</p>	<p>★ Fine for starting your career after leaving school. Good for any job-hunter, especially favorable for office-workers, those in banks or shops. A lucky break possible.</p>	<p>★ Some of you are facing a new chapter. A member of the family may have married or gone away, or you yourself have taken on a part-time job. Changes are in the air.</p>	<p>★ Showing your affection more through deeds than high-flown compliments, the one you love may find you a shade too cold and distant. Change your style.</p>	<p>★ If you go around asking advice of too many people you'll have conflicting answers and be no better off. Think over the possibilities, then stick to your decision.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Best days February 10 and 14. All rose shades will help you to look your best, obtain favors, or succeed in your plans.</p>	<p>★ Your job and you seem to be tied together. You may carry it home in your mind with you or talk about it at length, either at home or among your friends.</p>	<p>★ If a newlywed, you'll be having fun fixing up your new home. If a teenager, you may be busy fixing up your room or your wardrobe. In any case, you'll be creative.</p>	<p>★ Steer an even course between extravagant romantic notions and high-flating friends, because they are ordinary human beings. Then the one you like will respond.</p>	<p>★ One new friend, or one new activity, is bound to become a permanent factor in the coming months. Choose with care, because it will grow in importance.</p>
<p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days February 11 and 12. Wear gay florals, large geometric designs, in any color, if you want luck in speculation.</p>	<p>★ Should you have to stretch ends to make them meet, you'll do a good job, and there will be no complaints. Are you sure you haven't overlooked some assets?</p>	<p>★ Patience may be strained by recent events, especially a refusal to co-operate by a member of the family, but you may attain part of your goal under your own steam.</p>	<p>★ Only happy memories are worth keeping. Cross off the occasions when things went wrong, and never wave the "I told you so" flag if you want your romance to endure.</p>	<p>★ A generous response or your part to a request for help where it is needed could end in finding an unusual niche for your special talents and sympathy.</p>

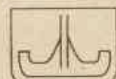
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she would know her own fern among a thousand like it.

But would she? . . . would she?

Monsieur Gustave felt for his purse. A single coin, by great good luck a fifty franc piece, was in it.

Monsieur Gustave was saved! But scarcely had he had the time to rejoice when the firm figure of Madame Clotilde appeared at the window, and the last fern disappeared from it.

She had taken his fern away. She was showing it off to the widow Grimaldi. The widow Grimaldi was opening her purse.

In his agitation Monsieur Gustave dropped his fifty franc piece and by the time he had dodged between the passers-by, groped in the gutter, been stumbled over and sworn at, and finally found his coin and rushed into the shop with it, the widow had acquired the only fern left.

"And I must water it every day?" the widow Grimaldi was saying.

"Every day. Without fail," Madame Clotilde advised. "Especially in this weather."

Speechless with despair, Monsieur Gustave watched Madame Grimaldi walk past him, the fern clutched to her bosom.

With a heavy heart Monsieur Gustave went home.

In the hall the concierge put her head round the corner of her cave:

"You won't forget to water my fern every day," she urged.

"Every day," responded Monsieur Gustave falsely.

And from that moment Monsieur Gustave stood committed to his fern.

In the dead of night Monsieur Gustave stole forth on a desperate venture. He had determined to break into the house of Mlle Sophie's parents to retrieve his fern.

Eleven rue du Congress was as dark as a witches' Sabbath. There was not so much as a glimmer of gas showing through the fanlight in the hall. But at the back a flight of stone steps led to the salon.

Even if the noise of breaking glass were to rouse one of the sleepers, Monsieur Gustave would be off and away with his fern before you could cry poker!

Monsieur Gustave possessed himself of a nice sharp stone.

But as he was about to fling it, Monsieur Gustave paused.

The sound of a voice—his own voice—came to him from what seemed to be a life-time away.

" . . . And you seriously mean to tell me," Monsieur Gustave's voice was saying, "that Monsieur Durand broke into your house at dead of night to get your maidenhair fern? I can hardly credit it! . . . Really, the things people do!"

How shocked the voice sounded.

"Prig!" said Monsieur Gustave, and flung.

Crash! The good sharp stone had done its work.

Monsieur Gustave dived into the salon.

"Assassin!" cried out a startled, girlish voice.

It is not the salon.

It was Mlle Sophie's room. Who would have the heart to dwell upon the painful scene that follows?

The wild accusations of the fearful girl, the wild reproaches of her frightful parents. Their night attire. The violent manner in which they shake their pokers at the incontinent villain. His unheeded denials.

The instant breaking off of possible future nuptials. Mlle Sophie in a swoon. Her Mama in a swoon. Angelique, the maid, in hysterics.

The door!

It was the end!

Monsieur Gustave's Aunt Mignonette was seated at the head of the dining-room table. Her near relatives were poikadotted down both sides. They were looking determined rather

Continuing

than hopeful. He himself was installed at the foot of the table.

And on the puce plush-and-bobble expanse between Monsieur Gustave and his aunt stood a noble maidenhair fern. The family council had been going on for some time now, and looked like going on for some time longer. For it had been summoned to consult on certain new depositions in the latest codicil to Aunt Mignonette's will.

"And the jewellery," Gustave's Aunt Marie-Rose was saying, "surely you would not wish your turquoise necklace to go to the ignoble Maximilian now that he no longer agrees to marry the young lady of your choice?"

Aunt Mignonette bestowed upon Aunt Marie-Rose the kind of cold regard a suggestion from a mother-in-law deserved.

"As to that," she said, "I am fully decided my turquoises go to my dear nephew Gustave, who is on the point of affiancing himself to the charming young lady I have chosen for him."

She beamed at Monsieur Gustave, who was gazing fixedly at the fern.

"And the pedigree cows?" asked his Uncle Prosper.

"They go to Gustave, too."

"And the three odd acres?"

"What good would the cows be without the grazing?"

But Uncle Prosper was in a mood to press his point:

"So," he finalised, "our nephew Gustave gets your stocks," he ticked an irate finger, "your shares, your rents, this house, the furniture, the pedigrees, the paddocks, the jewellery, the lot!"

"The lot!" agreed Aunt Mignonette, "if he is prudent, Mlle Sophie is a very charming young lady; well brought up, domesticated, dutiful, and of a loving disposition. And also she has a dowry which is not to be sneezed at!"

"Atchoo," said Monsieur Gustave.

And even as he felt for his handkerchief his eyes remained riveted on the fern in the centre of the table.

Meanwhile, in torrid Dijon, Monsieur Gustave's concierge, still waiting for the summons to her daughter, was entertaining a guest—and a guest who had not called to see her empty-handed. This was Angelique, Mlle Sophie's Mama's maid.

She had brought with her a handsome maidenhair fern. Would Madame be so kind as to take care of it for her while she went for her annual holiday?

For only that

morning Mlle Sophie's Mama had sent for Angelique.

"You see that kind of a cabbage there," she had pointed to Monsieur Gustave's fern.

"Take it out of my sight this minute. I never wish to set eyes on it again. It was given me by a monster!"

When her friend had taken her departure Madame peered at the plant and sniffed. It was not to be compared to the noble specimen that Monsieur Gustave was looking after for her.

Truly it is a wise housewife who knows her own aspidistra!

How noisy a night spent in the quiet of the country seems to one accustomed to ignoring the clip-clop of hoofs and the rumble of carts on cobbles in a busy town like Dijon.

Monsieur Gustave, tossing and turning under his mosquito netting, was unable to close an eye for the hooting of the owls, the lowing of the cows, the braying of the ass, and the scratching and scampering of

Gustave's Dilemma

from page 9

the mice, and the snoring of his relatives.

Of what use counting sheep jumping over a hurdle? They only multiplied a thousandfold and melted into the fronds of a maidenhair fern . . .

Monsieur Gustave blinked himself bolt upright. He arrived at a desperate decision.

He would dress, pack, and purloin Aunt Mignonette's maidenhair fern. A note pinned to the little cushion on the dressing-table explaining that he had been recalled suddenly to Dijon would suffice to allay Aunt Mignonette's alarm.

His suitcase packed, his note speared to the pin-cushion, Monsieur Gustave, at great pains to make no sound, descended to the salon, negotiating the staircase snore by snore.

It was dark in the dining-room and Monsieur Gustave had some trouble getting the oil lamp going. But at last he achieved a fairish flame, turned to the table, fell over the foot-stool, clutched at the plush-and-bobble table-cover in an effort to save himself, failed to—and the maidenhair fern came crashing down with him.

"Assassin!" Aunt Mignonette's voice, firm rather than frightened, gave the alarm.

Monsieur Gustave fought furiously to free himself of plush-and-bobbles.

The ass brayed.

The train to Dijon was not uncomfortably crowded. Monsieur Gustave found a corner seat without difficulty. The only other passenger to join him was a plump little woman, like a pigeon. Monsieur Gustave, who was staring moodily at the window, did not even notice her arrival. The porter carried in her luggage, placed a wicker basket beside her.

"Be careful of the plant," entreated the woman.

The train moved off. The little woman opened the lid of her basket, drew from it a luscious morsel of cold chicken, glanced uneasily at Monsieur Gustave, and ate it in as delicate a manner as possible. But she need not have bothered to be so nice. For Monsieur Gustave was still gazing out of his steamy window wrapt in some vision of his own.

And Monsieur Gustave's vision was clear enough for all the smoke and steam on the window in which it was mirrored.

For Monsieur Gustave was seeing the dining-room of his Aunt Mignonette, who was sitting tap-tapping at the head of the table with her near relatives grouped along both sides and an empty place at the foot.

The little woman produced a bottle of wine. She poured a glass and held it out hospitably. But Monsieur Gustave did not notice.

He was listening to a very painful conversation. "And the jewellery, Aunt Marie-Rose was urging, 'surely you cannot still wish the ignoble Gustave to have your turquoise necklace!'"

"My turquoises to that villain—are you mad? They are for my dear niece Rose-Marie."

In the steam of the window Aunt Marie-Rose relaxed.

"She is a dear good girl, if I do say it of my own daughter!"

By now the little woman with the picnic basket had thrown all pretence of polite concealment to the steam.

She particularly enjoyed the drumstick, and this she ate without troubling to disguise her relish.

Then she arose, brushed the crumbs from her travelling costume, and went down the corridor to wash her hands, leaving Monsieur Gustave alone with the maidenhair fern.

But Monsieur Gustave was listening to his voices.

"Then," his Uncle Prosper was finalising. "Our daughter Rose-Marie gets your stocks, your shares, your rents, this house, the furniture, the pedigrees, the paddocks, the jewellery, the lot!"

"The lot," agreed Aunt Mignonette placidly.

Somewhere in the world that is, an engine whistled. The train passed through a tunnel. Monsieur Gustave's vision was blotted out.

But by this time the little woman had returned to the carriage and was refreshing her fern with a bottle of Evian. "You have to water it every day," she explained.

Monsieur Gustave blinked.

It was a leaden-hearted Monsieur Gustave who, with hang-dog head and heavy tread, approached the entrance to his lodging-house, some hours later, although the Day of Judgment was still in the comfortable distance of the future, for the concierge was certainly still with her daughter and by now should have a grandchild on her mind instead of a maidenhair fern, for assuredly the summons must have come; so Monsieur Gustave cheered himself up and came striding through the hall quite buoyantly when from the concierge's cave came a well-known voice:

"Monsieur Gustave! Monsieur Gustave!"

The summons hadn't come.

With the Day of Judgment here and now, and right in the cave on his doorstep, Monsieur Gustave turned tail and fled. And the concierge, carrying Mlle Sophie's Mama's maid's maidenhair fern—much inferior to her own fine specimen in Monsieur Gustave's care, of course, but still quite tolerable, in an impoverished sort of way—went hurrying after him.

She wanted to leave this one in his care also, while she was away.

It is indeed a wise washer-woman who knows her own mangle!

It was still very warm that evening. All fashionable Dijon seemed to have crammed itself into the Cafe de l'Univers et de la Gare and was fanning itself. It had been a sweltering Sunday and tempers were more than a little frayed.

At his customary table, Monsieur Michel was drinking an aperitif with his wife.

"Look," she said, "there goes Monsieur Gustave. I wonder where he's off to in such a hurry on a hot night like this?"

And look, there goes his concierge—and she's in a hurry, too. There now—he's running. And so is she. Now he's turning round and coming back."

"Must have forgotten something," said Monsieur Michel.

"Madame has turned, too. She's carrying something—it must be her new baby."

"Or her old fern."

"I'm almost sure it's the baby."

"If I know Madame le Concierge it's the fern."

"There now—they're crossing over—I suppose we shall never know."

"I know," said Monsieur Michel smugly. "There's nothing wrong with my eyesight!"

"And there's nothing the matter with mine," repeated his wife, strongly. "And I tell you it was the baby she was carrying."

"And I say it was the fern!"

"It was the baby!"

"It was the fern!"

"The baby!"

"The fern!"

Just then Monsieur Gustave doubled back again with his concierge coming after him! And now even Monsieur Michel's wife could see that it was not a baby.

This was too much.

Monsieur Michel's wife made a grab at the first object to hand—the maidenhair fern that stood upon their table. In a fury she flung it at her husband. He ducked. It fell the doubling-back Monsieur Gustave.

While they are binding up Monsieur Gustave's poor head with strips of table-cloth and taking him home in a fiacre, a very different scene has been taking place in the dining-room of Monsieur Gustave's Aunt Mignonette from the one at which he had gazed so dismally in the steamy surface of the window of the train.

For its being Sunday, Mlle Sophie's parents had called upon Monsieur Gustave's aunt for the formal breaking-off of the future marriage.

It is true that from the outset Aunt Mignonette had been tap-tapping on the curiously bare and exposed table. But this was the sole outward sign that her inner composure was in the least troubled.

She herself might be harboring the gravest doubts as to her nephew Gustave's sanity after his latest exploit, but before strangers she would defend him to the last cow and acre—family feeling demanded it.

It was Aunt Mignonette's dearest wish to see her favorite nephew married to the right young girl—the young girl of Aunt Mignonette's choice. Opposition to this cherished plan served but to stiffen her resolve.

"So you wish to break off the match?" Aunt Mignonette fixed Mlle Sophie's Mama with a firm, undaunted regard. "No doubt, Madame, you know what is best for your own daughter—such pretty hair—is the wave natural?—But, as I said to my nephew—my favorite nephew—"

Here Aunt Mignonette switched her firm regard to Mlle Sophie's Papa. "Gustave, I said, 'we must be prudent. We must consider carefully—is Mlle Sophie—oh, a pretty enough little thing, I grant you—but is she quite up to running the solid establishment I intend to provide you with?'"

"Intend, Madame?" Mlle Sophie's Papa was quick to make a point.

"Intend, Monsieur. And my nephew—well, Gustave is so hot-blooded—" the regard switched back to Mlle Sophie's Mama, "particularly this weather. But we, Madame, are women of the world and understand how it is with men in these affairs! And with young girls, too, for that matter!"

Mlle. Sophie's Mama winced.

"Gustave, as I was saying, cared nothing that the girl is a green little goose . . ."

"A goose, Madame?" Mama took her up sharply.

"A goose," repeated Aunt Mignonette playfully. "You must teach her to manage our six-room house as you do!"

"Eight rooms," said Papa automatically.

The regard switched. Then: "Eight rooms," agreed Aunt Mignonette.

"The dear boy is so much in love—and who can wonder at it!" the regard switched, "for they would have made the most handsome pair in the village."

"In Dijon, Madame, in a house in the next street but one to our own." Mama must have noticed a "For Sale" notice.

"In Dijon," acquiesced Aunt Mignonette.

"And by way of jewellery?" the regard switched.

"The little Sophie would look very well in corals."

"Very well," agreed the proud Papa, a little too quickly.

"She would look even better in turquoises," said Mama, only just in time.

"As to that," Aunt Mignon-

ette said smoothly, "I had always intended to give the little one my turquoise necklace on her wedding day." She gazed straight at the ceiling.

Mama relaxed.

"And now," said Monsieur Gustave's aunt, "what sum do you propose to allow the young couple—annually—to towards the upkeep of this ambitious establishment?"

By almost imperceptible moves the battle had gone to the strong. Both sides were victors. The matchmaking was on again.

The following morning Monsieur Gustave remained in bed. It was the doctor's orders. Indeed he had given Monsieur Gustave quite a lecture on not overdoing it.

"The human mechanism," he explained, "is like that of a delicate plant . . . or shall I say a fern with many fronds?"

"No," said Monsieur Gustave. "Don't mention ferns."

Soon after lunch Monsieur Michel dropped in to see how the invalid was doing. "My wife would have come with me, but she is quite prostrate—it was the shock," he explained.

Monsieur Gustave shook a sympathetic head—it hurt him.

"But she has charged me to bring you this little present, with her best wishes for your rapid recovery." And Monsieur Michel tore off the wrappings to reveal a maidenhair fern. A little later Monsieur Gustave had another caller. His Aunt Mignonette had come post-haste from the country to see for herself that her favorite nephew was being looked after properly.

"I have brought you something from the country—something to make your room look brighter—you may be having some important visitors soon," she told him playfully—playfully for Aunt Mignonette, that is. And she took up the object she had set down. It was a maidenhair fern.

Scarcely had Aunt Mignonette departed when two more guests appeared. They were Mlle Sophie's parents.

"Bygones are bygones," said Papa. "And turquoises, turquoises," said Mama unaccountably.

Monsieur Gustave blinked. But Mama was speaking again.

"Outside waits one who has a gift for you—a simple enough object, but, then, we know you have a liking for such things. Open the door—the little one can enter now!"

And there, on the threshold of this miscreant's room, stood an angel straight from heaven, a maidenhair fern in her extended hands.

And this was not all. For scarce had Monsieur Gustave's temperature missed a point when there was yet another knock at the door.

The concierge's summons had come. In fact the baby was already there—a sweet little girl who resembled her father. And would Monsieur Gustave be kind enough to take her friend's fern into his keeping? It was not as grandiose a specimen as the one she had already left in his charge—and here the concierge looked around for it, failed to see it, and supposed that it was standing on the windowsill behind the curtains drawn to shield Monsieur Gustave's suffering eyes from the glare of the sun.

But poor as was the fern that her friend had left with her it still had far more character than any of the so-called maidenhairst here. Madame sniffed. It is indeed a wise cook who knows her own onions!

And that reminded her . . .

The christening was taking place next month.

Would Monsieur Gustave be kind enough to look after her dog for her?

(Copyright)

(Based on an idea by Kitty Black)



MARILYN MONROE

Film star Marilyn Monroe brought the atmosphere of Hollywood into a friend's fashionable New York apartment, where she posed specially for this color photograph clad in a tight white satin frock and a matching ermine coat. It is Marilyn's first pin-up picture since the break-up of her marriage to Joe DiMaggio and recent illness. (Picture by Robert Feldman, of our New York staff).

Film Fan-Fare CONDUCTED BY
M. J. McMAHON

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ The Caine Mutiny

FROM the crowded pages of Herman Wouk's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel "The Caine Mutiny," producer Stanley Kramer has hewn a graphic and gripping movie drama.

Admirers of the book may complain that the film alters the whole significance of the author's work, as indeed it does.

Nevertheless, this down-to-earth tale of the officers and men who serve aboard a beat-up U.S. destroyer-minesweeper in the Pacific during World War II is most satisfying.

Stripped to its bare bones, the plot on which all the drama hinges concerns the gradual mental breakdown of Captain Queeg, the tragic skipper of the Caine.

Kramer makes use of most of the highlight passages from the novel—such as the strawberry inquiry, the yellow-stain incident at sea, the typhoon, and, of course, the court martial—as tension-building backgrounds for film characters.

Outstanding for its numerous subtly shaded characterisations, the film cast is headed by veteran Humphrey Bogart as Captain Queeg, with Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray, and Jose Ferrer in the respective key roles of

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent

★★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

plodding, determined Lieut. Maryk, the glib and vicious Lieut. Keefer, and Barney Greenwald, the humane defence attorney.

Bogart assumes the demanding and varied role of the defeated ship's captain with startling effectiveness. The other players also perform with skill and distinction.

Tall, bullet-headed newcomer Robert Francis is not quite so easy in his handling of the role of Willie Keith, the young ensign through whose eyes the drama is viewed.

Also the script devotes too much time, to suit people who are anxious to get back to the sea, to the irrelevant love affair between Willie and attractive May Wynn.

First-class camera work and good technicolor add to the impact of Columbia's production.

In Sydney—State.

★ Pushover

ONE of the new crop of films concerned with a crooked cop, Columbia's "Pushover" punches home the fallacy of crime and violence.

Veteran Fred MacMurray has the role of the detective



DORIS DAY (left), looking prettier than ever, chums up with Taina Elg on a Metro set. Taina is the young Finnish ballerina who is currently charming all of Hollywood.

who sells out the law for a satchel of stolen dollars.

His own greed for money and the stimulation of a hard-breathing love affair with the bank-robber's mink-wrapped girl-friend cause all of MacMurray's troubles.

Kim Novak, a be-poodled glamor girl in the Monroe tradition, makes her film debut as the blonde Lorelei who lures the detective from the path of duty.

Shapely and sultry, much-publicised Miss Novak is a typical assembly line glamor girl in appearance. Her acting is still somewhat stilted, indicating that she is fresh from the hands of drama and voice coaches.

She is agreeable to watch and quite likeable.

Set in and around a residential section of rain-drenched Los Angeles, where flat dwellers seldom draw their curtains, the film story deals with the lovers' plot to liquidate the bank-robber, make off with the hidden booty, and live together happily ever after.

But the game gets out of hand, there are some cold-blooded killings, and finally the couple discover that crime really does not pay.

Phil Carey has the role of an upright law enforcer, and Dorothy Malone dithers through the part of an innocent bystander involved in the hunt.

In Sydney—Victory.

CITY FILM GUIDE

FILMS REVIEWED

CENTURY.—★★ "Susan Slept Here," technicolor romantic comedy, starring Debbie Reynolds, Dick Powell. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★★ "The (Little) Kidnappers," period drama, starring Adrienne Corri, Jon Whiteley, Vincent Winters. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "The Adventures of Hajji Baba," CinemaScope Oriental romance in color, starring John Derek, Elaine Stewart. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★★★ "Gone With the Wind," technicolor Civil War drama, starring Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, Olivia de Havilland. (Re-release.)

LYRIC.—"Desperado," Western, starring Angela Stephens, Douglas Kennedy, Jack McCall. Plus "Strange Fascination," suspense drama, starring Cleo Moore, Hugo Haas. (Re-releases, no reviews available.)

MAYFAIR.—★★ "Woman's World," technicolor CinemaScope comedy, starring Clifton Webb, June Allyson, Lauren Bacall. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★★★ "Suddenly," crime thriller, starring Frank Sinatra, Sterling Hayden, Nancy Gates. Plus ★ "Blood Orange," thriller, starring Tom Conway, Naomi Chance.

PARIS.—★★★★ "The Living Desert," Walt Disney feature-length true-life adventure in technicolor. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—"Ring of Fear," WarnerColor CinemaScope crime melodrama, starring Clyde Beatty, Mickey Spillane, Pat O'Brien. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "White Christmas," technicolor VistaVision musical, starring Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Vera-Ellen, Rosemary Clooney. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Three Coins in the Fountain," CinemaScope comedy romance in color, starring Clifton Webb, Jean Peters, Maggie McNamara, Dorothy Maguire. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "Lost Property," French-language omnibus comedy-drama, starring Gerard Philipe, Edwige Fenech, Pierre Brasseur, Suzy Delair. Plus ★ "Caspian Oil Men," Russian documentary.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Betrayed," World War II adventure in color, starring Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Victor Mature. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★★★ "The Caine Mutiny," technicolor World War II sea drama, starring Humphrey Bogart, Jose Ferrer, Van Johnson. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★ "Pushover," crime thriller, starring Fred MacMurray, Kim Novak, Phil Carey. Plus "Prisoner of the Casbah," thriller, starring Cesar Romero, Gloria Grahame. (Not yet reviewed.)

FILMS NOT YET REVIEWED

CAPITOL.—"Trouble in Store," comedy, starring Norman Wisdom, Margaret Rutherford. Plus "The Long Memory," drama, starring John Mills, John McCallum.

LYCEUM.—"The Golden Blade," technicolor period adventure, starring Rock Hudson, Piper Laurie. Plus "Stand At Apache River," technicolor Western, starring Stephen McNally, Julia Adams.

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1. AMERICAN sailors in Paris applaud singer Colette (Gloria DeHaven). Later Joe (Tony Curtis), centre, escorts her home, while Al (Gene Nelson), left, and Davey (Paul Gilbert) step out.



2. SELLING tickets at a charity bazaar, Yvonne (Mara Corday), a night-club cashier, catches the attention of fun-loving Davey. They too team up, leaving Al alone.



3. WEALTHY Suzanne Sorel (Corinne Calvet) takes Al under her wing after he accidentally outwits a thief.

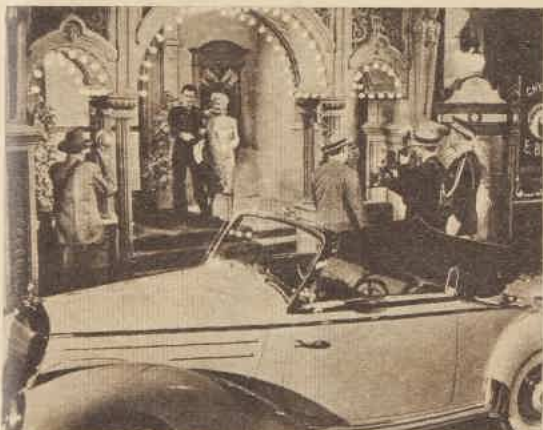
Musical romance

★ Teenage idol Tony Curtis plays his first song-and-dance role in Universal's technicolor musical "So This is Paris." To prepare himself for the part, Tony underwent a six weeks' rehearsal period with fellow-actor Gene Nelson and Lee Scott, who served as choreographers for the film.

A score of nine original songs and several dance ensembles background the romantic story.



4. VISITING Colette, who is really Janie Mitchell from the U.S.A., the boys meet war orphans left in her care by an American philanthropist.



5. ATTRACTED to glamorous Suzanne, Joe forgets Janie. Suzanne announces their engagement that night, which makes Joe a heel to Janie, and infuriates Pierre, her own young man.



6. ANGER of Pierre (Roger Etienne) passes when the friends see a news report of the philanthropist's death. To support the orphans, the trio plan a show at the vacant Sorel home.



7. DANCE routine is interrupted when the Sorels return and threaten the sailors with gaol. They are saved when Al rushes Janie to the house to explain.



8. END of their gay three-day Paris leave finds Yvonne, Janie, and Suzanne waving goodbye to their American admirers at Le Havre after a successful show and a rush with them to reach the dock by sailing time.

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in this situation alone? I'll ring you in the morning. I'll ring you at the Andersons', and be along as soon as possible."

One lessening protest: "No, please, Nigel . . ."
"I will, of course I will. My dear . . . my dearest!"

On his way downstairs, after interviewing the Andersons, Manning called on the Rickards. An acute tension hung in the room. It had existed there before the sergeant appeared. Selma, sitting tight-lipped over a piece of embroidery, had hardly spoken since Bernie had told her of how he had spent the afternoon at the pictures with Jenny. After a brief stare she had just said: "Well, that's very convenient for you and her! But anyhow, I don't suppose they're going to suggest that any of us had anything to do with this man's death."

Bernie had left it at that. Chain-smoking, and almost chain-drinking, he had wandered from room to room, looking out of the windows, counting the police cars coming round the hill. He had spilt some whisky and mopped it up with his handkerchief. Taking it into the bathroom, he had lifted the lid of the soiled linen basket and dropped it in.

As he had been about to shut it, something had caught his eye; another of his own handkerchiefs with a bright smear of lipstick in one corner over the finely worked monogram. Lifting it out, he had looked at it fixedly for a while, then carried it into the bedroom, taken Selma's lipstick-tube from the dressing-table and painted a streak of it on the back of his hand. The shade on his hand was poppy-scarlet, that on the handkerchief had an undertone of cyclamen.

Bernie's expression had been thoughtful as he went back to the bathroom and dropped the handkerchief into the basket again and washed his hands.

Selma hadn't looked up when he came back. The room was full of rich gleams of color from the lamps. Color like pale sunlight on the primrose sofa, and deeper sunlight on the honey-beige carpet, scarlet

shells of color on the long stems of japonica . . .

Then she had said, still without looking up: "There's someone at the door, Bernie, answer it!" and Bernie had gone out and returned with Manning.

Manning announced that all he wanted was to check up on who'd been within earshot of the top flat this afternoon, say round about three o'clock, if any unusual sounds or raised voices had been heard.

Selma asked: "Were there signs of a struggle in Mrs. Fenton's bedroom?" Her voice was as smooth and unruffled as her groomed dark hair and faultless face-do.

"Not when we came on the scene," Manning answered. "But a feller doesn't usually get struck down like that from the front without there's been a bit of a barney beforehand."

"No, I see. I'm afraid if you're depending on that sort of evidence, then you're going to find this rather a difficult crime to solve."

"Yeah, it often looks like that at the first."

"Because I understand that there was hardly anybody at home this afternoon to have seen or heard anything at all." She drew a thread of silk from the skein and stabbed at the needle with it, holding it far from her long-sighted eyes. "I myself was out all the afternoon, from before lunch till nearly six, and my husband went to see a film with Mrs. Fenton."

"So she told us."

Bernie said: "Yes. We went and saw the show and afterwards we strolled along to my car. We weren't in a hurry, it was a nice afternoon, we stopped to watch the kids playing under the park trees, and birds and things."

"Was it you that discovered the body with her?"

"It was. Lucky someone was with her. There was a parcel for her on the desk downstairs, a bit heavy for a girl to carry up, so I carried it up for her and went in. When she found Walsh dead there I thought for

Continuing . . . Murder and Poor Jenny

from page 3

a minute she was going to pass right out."

Selma murmured: "Poor Jenny!"

When the sergeant reached the ground floor, Grogan was interviewing Mrs. Kane. At least, he was trying to extract some fact, however small, from the jumble of her passionate utterances.

In their crowded room, part office, part sitting-room, Gladys Kane was sitting facing him. Her hair was flattened to her head like a cap, from frequent cold water compresses, and through the thick lenses of her glasses her eyes looked as restless as fishes swimming from side to side, searching for escape from a glass bowl.

OF course she'd been fond of Vernon! Mrs. Kane cried. Why not? Wasn't he her cousin? They'd played together as children. She didn't mind him staying there, whatever Roger might feel. Surely blood was thicker than water, wasn't it, wasn't it? If we didn't stand by our relatives in trouble we weren't much better than cannibals! And he was no worry at all in the place, ate little enough. You couldn't have everything always just as you wanted it. And life was short enough, she always said. The inspector must know that better than most! Anyhow, he had been going off to Melbourne soon to stay with his married sister.

Who killed him? She didn't know, she didn't believe anybody had done it. She believed he'd fallen and struck his head on something. That wouldn't be impossible. He was very short-sighted, probably tripped over a rug. She knew! These shocking headaches of hers.

Grogan nodded, drummed lightly on the table, and the thin voice ceased at last. He came over to her, drew from his pocket a luggage label and a leather name tag.

The inspector had already spent some time in Vernon's room, a bare place, as impersonal as it could well have been. From under the bed he had pulled a big suitcase, packed for a journey. Packed, indeed, with almost all that Vernon seemed to have possessed. Only a label, though, had interested Grogan, and the card pushed into the name tag.

These he now held out to Mrs. Kane. He said: "Now look, you say, he told you he was going to Melbourne?"

"And so he did." "Well, he wasn't. He wasn't going south, he was going to Queensland. Here's the label of his suitcase. The air ticket in his wallet was for Brisbane, tomorrow's 7.45 plane. Why did he tell you one thing and have everything set to do another? Look."

Mrs. Kane drew back from the evidence he offered, blinked, said quickly: "Well, why not? Not Melbourne and a household of children, but to some nice quiet place, I suppose, where he could get away from everything. Isn't that what we'd all like to do, wouldn't you, wouldn't I?"

"Maybe. That's right. But why did he keep it a secret? Because I reckon from there he meant to get farther away still. In the tropics, in the pearl fisheries, with boats coming in every day from the islands round — many a man's found the way to disappear up there."

The restless eyes were still, the mouth hung open an instant. "Disappear! What from?"

"Just what I'm wondering myself. You see, from tomorrow he wasn't going to be Vernon Walsh any more. He'd labelled his luggage and taken his ticket in another name. The feller that was going to step on to that 7.45 a.m. plane was going to be George Ferrars."

As Grogan came out of the Kanes' flat, Manning came down the stairs into the hall. He told the inspector about

the two interviews, with the Andersons and the Rickards.

When he had finished, Grogan looked thoughtful. "Half a tick, Les," he said, and turned to the stairs and went up, ran up with remarkable ease for a man carrying fifteen stone. Not that he didn't pause for a moment at the top to regain breath. The wife was right! Trouble with Mame was she always was. He'd been falling down on the setting-up job lately. Have to take off a bit of beef pretty soon.

He went into Jenny's flat, went from room to room. This was no needle in a haystack search, and it didn't take him long to discover that the thing he was looking for wasn't there. Contrary to most unsuccessful searches, this seemed to be no disappointment to Inspector Grogan. Indeed, he looked too jauntily pleased when he got down to the hall again for it to be just due to the fact that he'd run down the stairs this time instead of up.

Manning turned from the constable he'd been talking to at the door and looked at his chief suspiciously.

Grogan said: "Look, Les, did you happen to notice one point in something you told me?"

"What do you mean?"

"You didn't, eh?" the inspector said amiably. "Well, you ought to've."

Grogan had a visitor next morning before he left his office at Headquarters.

"You want to see me?" he said, looking up from his desk at the nervous-looking little man shown in by a constable. A mouse venturing bravely far beyond the confines of its hole!

"Well . . . it's about — Are you Detective-Inspector Grogan? I saw your name in the paper this morning."

"That's me. Something about the murder of this man Walsh, is it?" Grogan took up the card that had been laid before him. S. S. Broughton. Books New and Secondhand. Libraries bought.

"Yes," Mr. Broughton said. "Yes. Not that it may have anything to do with his being killed. Still . . ."

"Still, we'd be glad to hear it. Sit down, Mr. Broughton."

Mr. Broughton sat down — on one chair after a brief survey of two, as though choosing the safer, though all were likely to be dangerous in such a place.

The inspector asked: "Did you know Walsh?"

"Yes and no. It was just that the two things coming so close together . . . You see, he used to come into my shop occasionally, for some bit of information. Perhaps the date of an edition, or something like that. He was cataloguing somebody's library, he told me."

"He was. And what were the two things you mentioned coming so close together?"

"Well, you see — a couple of days ago Mr. Walsh came into my shop, and while he was waiting for me to finish with a customer, he was looking round the shelves. When I came up to him he'd taken down a big old Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy.' I said, 'Are you interested in that?' and he said, 'If you mean melancholy, I know more about it than Burton. If you mean this particular volume, I certainly am.' I said, 'Oh? Indeed?' and he said, 'This book comes from Professor Livingstone's library,' and he showed me an annotation in pencil that he'd happened on — by the purest chance, glancing through it as he waited — on page fifty-two, and he said it was in the doctor's handwriting. Then he said — and I don't mind telling you it was a big shock to me — he said, 'I have a very shrewd notion that the person who sold you this book pinched it.'"

"Go on, now?" Grogan said. "Well, that's interesting."

"Yes . . . er . . . yes." That evidently wasn't quite the word Mr. Broughton would have used. "Well, anyhow, Mr. Walsh asked me how long I'd had it and how I'd come by it and all the rest of it, and I told him. It was about six weeks ago. This book came to me by registered package. The

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JOINT PAINS

"A sufferer for years... now I feel quite young again..."

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letter with it asked me to send whatever I thought it was worth in notes in a registered letter, to a suburban post office."

"Didn't that make you suspicious, that there might've been something not too clean about it?"

"Oh, dear no, not at all. I often send money that way. It sometimes happens that someone, an old pensioner, perhaps, is selling off the last of the family treasures and has no means of cashing a cheque. Rather sad, actually. People so often have a very inflated idea of the value of some old volume or other."

"What was this one worth?"

"Well, it had a pretty considerable value. It was a first edition, 1621, in very good condition. I sent him seventy pounds."

"Him? What was this fellow's name?"

"I hadn't kept the letter. As I explained to Mr. Walsh, you can't keep every covering note. There'd be no room for stock. But the name in my book recording the purchase was John Smith."

Grogan threw himself back in his chair. "Well, well, well! That well-known old identity John Smith!"

Broughton gave a dim smile. "Just what Mr. Walsh remarked. However, the upshot of it was, he asked me to return the book, said he would make investigations and see that I got back either the money or the book. I said, 'Goodness, yes, take it, take it,' and he said, 'Thanks, I'm not Samson!'"

"Was it that heavy?"

"Not really, but it's a bulky old volume, not the kind of thing you'd care to be carrying around town. So I had it packaged up and sent to Mrs. Livingstone at Arlington Court."

"When was that?" Grogan asked.

"Yesterday, as recently as yesterday. As I said, the two things coming so close together."

Soon after this, when Grogan and Manning arrived at Arlington Court, Mrs. Kane was picking faded stems out of the flower arrangement in the entrance hall, and Kane was in his chair behind the desk.

Grogan said to Kane: "What parcels were delivered here yesterday?"

"Parcels? Parcels? I don't remember any. I—Oh, yes, a box of roses came for Mrs. Anderson in the morning."

"How did you know it was roses?"

"Long stems—they were sticking through the end of the box. Her husband had ordered them when he went out earlier. I took them up myself before they went out."

"Anything else come during the day?"

"Can't recall any. Not while I was in. The regular tradesmen—food and stuff—they go up the back, outside stairway."

Mrs. Kane came forward, snapping the stems of gladioli and cramming them into the basket on her arm. She said: "Yes, there was something else came, later in the day, I took it."

"What was it?" Grogan asked.

"I don't know... a biggish parcel." Her hands sketched its size.

"Who was it for?"

"Oh dear!" The tortured expression flapped like a flag across her face, emotion rose in her voice. "Does it really matter very much? Because I didn't look. A carrier came and rang the bell. I staggered out and signed for the parcel, and he put it on the desk and I went back to my room. Heavens! I do hope I didn't do anything wrong!"

Her eyes flew to Kane's face, his grim, harsh face whose ex-

pression dubbed the whole world guilty.

The two detectives went on up the stairs.

Contrary to most mornings, the day had started early at Mrs. Livingstone's. Why start the day too soon, she always said, when the hours were already hard to fill? But murder close at hand can fill quite adequately the hours for those even remotely concerned.

This morning Mrs. Livingstone was up, and by nine-thirty had breakfasted on grapefruit and coffee and grilled ham and eggs, disposing of them with speed and relish.

Hearing Campbell's voice in the hall with the detectives, she poured the last of the coffee into her cup and spoke through the open door: "Show the inspector in here, Campbell."

The two detectives appeared in the doorway. Mrs. Livingstone told them to come in, come in; and not at all, they needn't mind disturbing her at breakfast. It was a meal she hardly bothered about, just a bite of something, a cup of coffee. And Grogan said was that so? He himself liked a pretty hearty foundation for the day's work. And Mrs. Livingstone said, indeed? and she hoped they'd come to tell her they'd made an arrest, because though one was well aware that



people often wished to murder their friends, it was rather uncomfortable when one of them actually did so and remained at large!

"In a bit of a hurry, aren't you?" Grogan said genially; then he added: "At present we're investigating one point that you may be able to throw a bit of light on."

"Really? I hope so, I'm sure. Any help I can give—"

"From information received, we find that one of the books Walsh was cataloguing was sold by some unauthorised person."

All Mrs. Livingstone's features seemed to stiffen, but the smile remained fixed. She said: "That doesn't surprise me. We had several moves during the last years of my husband's life, the books were stored at times, and as for borrowers!"

"This wasn't during your husband's lifetime, though. The book in question was sold only six weeks ago."

She gave a little cackle. "By one of the ancient borrowers, I suppose, who by this time had come to regard it as his own!"

"No, we have reason to believe it was stolen."

The smile vanished. "If you listen to malicious rumors, Inspector, I'm not surprised that your job is a lengthy one. Personally, I set my face against tittle-tattle."

"I don't reckon the person that told us this had anything to gain by it. It was a voluntary statement."

The chair was hitched round farther. "May I ask from whom you got this statement?"

Continuing . . . Murder and Poor Jenny

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"A bookseller, name of Broughton."

"I see. What was this book?"

"It was called Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy.'"

"Burton," she repeated. "I remember the volume. My husband bought it in London on our wedding tour. And who was 'rumored' to have sold it?" The casualness of her tone poorly concealed the anxiety behind the question.

He thought, you know! He said: "Anonymous. The transaction was done through a post office. Know anyone of the name of John Smith?"

She sat back and brushed up a scatter of toast crumbs with a straying hand. "Naturally not. All the help I can give is to tell you that Mr. Walsh was extremely careless. He often left the front door ajar while he ran down to his room for something or other, and one day, I suppose, someone passing—a charwoman, a carrier—slipped in and picked up the volume, thinking it might be valuable because of its age—its size!—as illiterate people will."

The inspector nodded. "Could be."

"Must be," said Mrs. Livingstone. "Well, anyhow, even

"Yes, it was."
"No, I'm afraid I don't know anything about it. I have nothing to do with the books."

"Where do you keep the wrappings that come round parcels?"

"Waste paper? Miss Krause collects that for the Hospitals' Collection. She has a sack in the kitchen, very careful, she is, not a shred of paper's wasted."

But in Miss Krause's orderly collection of paper and empty cartons there was no sign of any wrapping from Broughton's bookshop, and Miss Krause, watching the inspector search, firmly denied that any parcel had been delivered there yesterday. It was wonderful how happy Miss Krause could seem saying no—no—and no.

There was, however, one small item in the sack that seemed to interest Grogan, and this, after a brief inspection, he slipped into his pocket.

At the front door, when he went back, Campbell said, almost soothingly: "I think you'll find, Inspector, that if that book was ever missing it was borrowed and put back by the borrower."

"That's your guess, is it?"

"Definitely. Mr. Walsh wasn't fussy about them. Mrs. Anderson borrowed books, and so did Mrs. Fenton."

"Who else?"

There was a moment's apparent hesitation. "Well, one wouldn't like to give information that might lead to trouble."

"Trouble who for?"

"That's just it." Campbell swayed delicately from heel to toe on his small feet: "If one was quite certain that what one told—"

"Wouldn't flip back and crack 'one' in the eye," Manning supplied.

"That's all right," Grogan assured him. "We don't go about making trouble. Who else was borrowing books?"

Campbell gave a quick glance over his shoulder, then he drew the inspector into the bookroom and gently shut the door.

Mick and Ellie were getting breakfast. Mick was doing the talking, most of the cooking, too. Ellie was rather silent, had seemed still absent when they had got up this morning. All his efforts at conversation she had answered briefly, had just turned her big, clear eyes on him, hardly seeming to hear what he was saying.

In spite of this, following her into the kitchen, Mick hadn't been able suitably to damp down his overflowing high spirits. Neither could the death of a man he had never seen throw over him a cloud of gloom. The sacrifice of those five months away from Ellie hadn't been for nothing. They had pleasingly increased his value with his firm and laid the foundation for a successful career.

Standing at the open refrigerator door, Ellie asked: "Sausages or eggs?"

"Sausages and eggs, darling," he said reproachfully, and switched on the toaster, put the kettle on, took down the frying-pan, and in a minute had the kitchen filled with a fine array of plates and utensils, needed and not.

"Any plans for today?" he asked, hacking rind off bacon.

"N—no."

"Come in and meet me and we'll have lunch together."

"Yes, Mick, all right."

"Don't be too enthusiastic about it, will you? You want to be careful how you let yourself go!"

"Why... you know I'd love to."

"That's better. Where's the breadknife?"

Ellie glanced around vaguely,

didn't see it, though it was at her elbow.

"O.K., here it is. I'll make coffee, not tea again."

"Yes, do."

"Unless you'd rather have tea?"

"No, just as you like."

He gave her a long look over his shoulder. Her transparently pale profile against the brilliance of the sky was still, her slenderness accentuated by blue jeans and cotton pullover. Tea or coffee? Yes or no. Lunch? Whatever you say. And all the time thoughts so patently elsewhere.

Turning back to the stove, he harried the sausages vigorously round the pan. "Well," he announced briskly, "this certainly settles a problem for me."

"We're going to get out of this place as quick as we know how."

"Now don't be rampacious."

"Rampacious? With you looking as though you were

walking some sort of private precipice!"

"I'm all right... I will be... after a while." She went in and set the table in the dining-room.

"All this is just about ready," he said as she came back. "Where's Jenny?"

"Over in her own flat, telephoning."

"Couldn't she telephone here?"

"Wanted a little privacy, maybe."

"Maybe," he repeated with just a suspicion of dryness in his tone. "She seems to have recovered quickly enough. Looks beautiful and blooming and on top, generally."

"That's not a very nice thing to say. As though she were heartless. Of course, she seems calm and collected. Tragedies are commonplace to her."

"So you told me."

"If you'd seen your own husband killed before your very eyes—"

"All right, all right, my

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pretty! Loyalty's a lovely thing, but don't bite my head off."

At that same time, seated at the table in the hall of her flat, Jenny was talking to Tait-Smith on the telephone. He had rung her earlier at the Andersons' but she had asked him to ring her here an hour later. A chastening hour's wait, no doubt, for Tait-Smith. The front door was open. Her voice was muted and oh! so intimate:

"Much better, thanks. Things are calmer this morning . . . Thank you, no, I slept very well in spite of everything. Ellie and Mick are angels. How are you? That's more important. What?

Well, it is to me, Nigel. You didn't? Poor dear, no wonder. I hope to heaven none of this trouble has filtered through to your wife. How is she this morning? . . . A little better? That's good, I'm so glad. Of course. That'll be lovely. Help us both, I think. Yes, anywhere you like. Yes, I could. Yes, I'll be in a taxi outside your office at one o'clock."

A step sounded on the landing, a figure appeared in the doorway. Peter Livingstone's.

Jenny lifted a hand in greeting, widened her eyes at him, said into the telephone crisply: "Good. Thanks so much. Thanks for ringing. Good-bye." She put down the receiver.

Continuing . . .

Murder and Poor Jenny

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Peter stepped into the hall. "Darling," he whispered.

"Darling," she echoed, going towards him.

"Who was that you were talking to?"

"Only old Tait-Smith."

Peter's sunburned face burnt suddenly darker. "Tait-Smith. What's he got to be hanging round you all the time for?"

"Hanging round me?"

"He does, too! He was here last night, wasn't he? You seem to let him haunt the place."

"Oh, Peter! A man of fifty-eight!" Her face broke into a smile of mockery. "You know how sort of wrought-up they can get over a young woman. But really he's just a sweet, chivalrous soul who knew my husband and feels he ought to do what he can for me."

Standing in the hall, her face lifted to his, in her cherry-red and white morning-gown, she was a picture to melt the heart of any number of mere Peters.

He caught up her two hands and held them to him.

"Oh, Jenny Jenny!" he murmured. "I'm a fool to worry and bully you. It's just that I—well, you know. . . . But luckily for a few days now if there's anything, anything on

earth you want you'll have me to turn to."

"I know, darling, and I won't hesitate to ring you."

"No—I mean—I'll be here."

"Here?"

"Yes, I'm just off to get my bag from the hotel. I've told mother I'm going to stay with her till this affair's cleared up."

"But, Peter . . . what does she say?"

"As always—tries to boss me—says she doesn't need anyone—has the incomparable Campbell!" His tone was harsh. "But I've told her flat I'm staying. I'm not going to miss this opportunity of being under the same roof with you . . . night and day, my darling, day and night."

"Peter, I don't think you should."

"I'm going to."

"Those detectives—they're on the snoop for every single thing, every possible relationship that isn't strictly correct."

"Let them be, let them snoop till all's blue. I'm going to take this one chance of being near you."

"I'm thinking of you, my sweet. For me—what could it matter? It's heaven to have you near, of course, but . . ."

"I know you're right, Jenny, but I will be careful, I'll be frightfully discreet."

"Promise me, then, no running up here again."

"Not once."

"I'll be down there, seeing your mother."

"How often, how soon?"

"In and out all the time. I always am, she and I are the greatest friends. But we really must be careful that no one guesses—"

A swift kiss. He hurried away down the stairs, and Jenny went across to breakfast.

ELLIE and Mick and Jenny were sitting at the breakfast table over a last cup of coffee when Grogan came in.

He said easily. "There are just a couple of little things we want to straighten out. For instance, anybody else have a key to this front door?"

Mick said, grinding out a cigarette with quite unnecessary force: "I think I can say no to that without any doubt."

"No, no," Ellie agreed. "Certainly not. Except, of course, Mr. Kane . . ."

"That's right, the caretaker. He's got a master key, he can get in, naturally. And the back way? That outside stairway that leads up to all the back doors, now?"

He strolled through to the kitchen.

Unwillingly, Mick and Ellie pushed back their chairs and followed him.

Facing the inner door was the door on to the small unroofed balcony, and, to the left of that, a window over the sink. It was a casement window, opening outwards. When shut, the catch in the middle secured the two panes, and low down a bolt locked them. It stood open now.

Grogan said: "Mr. Kane tells me the tradesmen come up this back stairway. Do you always lock up in here when you go out?"

Ellie answered: "Yes, always. With the door on to the balcony, you see . . ."

"And the window? Did you bolt that yesterday, when you went out at midday?"

Simultaneously, they answered this question. Ellie said: "No."

Mick said: "Yes."

She turned on him quickly. "No, I didn't, dear, I didn't bolt it."

"Excuse me, darling, you did."

"I shut it but I didn't bolt it."

"Sorry to contradict you, but you're mistaken."

"How do you know?"

"Because I unbolted it when I got home."

"But I distinctly remember . . ."

"And I distinctly remember equally well. About six o'clock, it was. The room was a bit stuffy and—"

"Mick, listen. I had on a pair of fresh white gloves. A few seconds before we left I brought in two cups and put them down on the bench. The window wasn't bolted, but I thought: Oh, leave it; it'll only dirty my gloves."

"Ellie, you're dreaming, you are about this. You know how vague you are."

"Sometimes I am, I admit, but not this time. I remember thinking about my gloves, but you—how can you possibly be so certain about such a silly automatic little thing like that?"

Mick threw up his hands. "Oh, all right, all right, darling! Have it your way. The value of evidence, eh! You had on white gloves and you wouldn't have touched that bolt, not to keep out the Prince of Darkness! Are you a married man, Inspector?"

"My word I am! And the funny part of it is, my wife's always right, too. But sometimes it just happens that the both of you can be right."

Mick laughed. "You must've brought marriage to a science!"

Grogan turned and went out.

Mutely for an instant, Mick and Ellie stood and looked at each other. She looked as though she had so much to say that it wasn't possible even to begin. The flush on her cheek, the big black pupils of her eyes made Mick uneasy, made him ask himself what else?

And suddenly he knew he'd been asking that question since last night when he'd come back into the room with the tea-tray and she'd been standing staring in that odd blank way.

He muttered: "What is biting you?"

But she just shook her head slowly and went past him, back to the dining-room.

In there, Grogan, leaning over Mick's empty chair, was saying to Jenny: "Mrs. Fenton, you said last night that Mr. Rickard came up to your flat with you yesterday on your getting home from the pictures to fetch a book you wanted to give his wife."

She nodded. "Yes."

Ellie, arrested by the words, forgot to sit down. Her eyes moved swiftly from one to the other.

"Well now, that's funny. His story isn't quite the same as yours is."

"Really? How's that?" Jenny was looking up at him composedly.

"He mentioned to the sergeant that the reason he went up with you was to carry a parcel for you."

"A parcel?" Her smooth dark eyebrows drew together. She looked surprised but still unconcerned.

"That's what he says. Do you say it wasn't so?"

"I'm afraid not. A parcel? I wonder why—"

"He says it was heavy and he didn't like to see a little lady like you carrying it all that way up."

She threw back her head and laughed. "Me! There's nothing of the delicate flower about me. I was born in a circus and reared in a tent."

"Go on! Well, now. Why do you reckon Mr. Rickard said that?"

Jenny looked up, looked down. She lifted her cup and a beam caught the liquid and set a gleam of light shimmering

under the round, plump chin. Her life-happy mouth was all at once sweetly grave. "Well . . . was Mr. Rickard's wife there when he made this statement?"

"Yeah, the both of 'em was there."

"Yes, I see. At least, I think I see. Wives—some wives, as you know—can be a little watchful with their young husbands, and I suppose Mr. Rickard had to have a reason for coming up with me."

"But you say he came up to fetch a book for her. Wasn't that a good enough reason?"

"Yes, but I didn't actually use those words to him. I think I said, when we got to his door below, 'Oh, there's something I want to give Selma, come up and get it,' so I expect afterwards—poor Bernie, it was rather vague in his mind—he just produced this great big heavy parcel! To settle any little stirrings of jealousy in his wife, if you get me."

"You reckon that was it, do you?"

"Well, quite frankly, I can't think of any other reason."

"H'm, I see." The inspector looked at her admiringly, drumming on the chair back with his well-kept glossy nails. He was thinking, she won't own up to that parcel. Why? She can't. It was addressed to Mrs. Livingstone, that's why. If she says there was a parcel and that it was for her and we ask what was in it and she says from the cleaner or the laundry or the grocer, we can check up on it. So she's got to say it never existed.

Did she run down, in the excitement of the discovery of the murder last evening, and slip that book into the bookroom, getting rid of the evidence that she'd tricked this feller Rickard upstairs with someone else's parcel? What for? To have a witness when she "found" the body? In which case, was she with Rickard yesterday afternoon?

Detective-Sergeant Manning came in just then. His gloomy stare noted the lateness of the breakfast hour, the elegance of the appointments, the matching bows on Ellie's hair, and the Siamese kitten's neck, and other manifestations of bourgeois frivolity.

He murmured something to Grogan and drew him out into the hall. A few minutes later they were back again.

Grogan went up to Ellie and handed her an envelope. He said: "Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Kane tells the sergeant here that the last two months when you paid your rent, the cheque was enclosed in an envelope the same as this one."

Ellie stood holding it, looking down at it, at the square blue envelope. A simple remark, it would seem, to reply to, but conflicting expressions hurried across her face, and it was a long time before she said: "Yes . . . yes, that's my notepaper."

"Well, that envelope contained the two hundred pounds that Walsh had on him when he died."

Again she said: "Yes," and added: "It was my money, too."

It was out at last, the secret that Ellie had been nursing since last night.

She darted a quick glance at Mick, and his answering glance said: "So that's it! . . ."

She went on: "At least, I can only think it was mine. The day before yesterday I—I drew two hundred pounds out of the bank."

"You did? In ten-pound notes?"

"Yes, I slipped them into an envelope and put it into the drawer in the hall table. When I went out yesterday I left the money there, I didn't want to carry it about with me. Everything here has always seemed as safe as houses."

"And it's missing, eh?" She

noded. "When did you discover this loss?"

"Last night."

"And why didn't you report it to us?"

"Well . . . it was only when I heard that Vernon had had that amount in ten-pound notes in his pocket that I began to wonder, and I looked for mine and it wasn't there. It was after you'd left and . . ."

"Just like I thought," Grogan said. "Walsh got in here yesterday through that kitchen window. He eased the two frames from the outside and slipped a knife or something in and lifted the latch. You hadn't bolted it, like you were so sure you hadn't, Mrs. Anderson. The murderer was so anxious to hide the fact of him being killed in here that he carefully bolted the window the way you claimed you found it, Mr. Anderson, when you got home."

"No, no," Ellie protested—to believe Vernon guilty of such a theft wasn't possible. "No, no, it hasn't got to be like that."

"Hasn't it? How do you reckon the money got on him, then?"

Yes! How? They were all looking at her, waiting, and Ellie's pale, eager face grew more troubled under the assembled stare.

"Why . . . well . . . couldn't it be that he came on someone—someone coming out of our front door, perhaps—who'd got in that window and stolen the money and—and Vernon was killed getting it from them—perhaps on the landing—and was carried into Mrs. Fenton's flat?"

"Why didn't this unknown person take the money off him again?"

She was ready for this, too. "Perhaps they thought they heard someone coming, lost their nerve and ran off."

"Could be, but I don't think so. I think Walsh was hit down in here and fell on that bearskin rug of yours. It's my belief he left this flat dead."

Jenny spoke suddenly: "I don't like that idea at all. Not one little bit!"

"Eh?"

"Well, if two people get into my flat when I'm out and one of them gets killed—well, I mean, that's just my bad luck. But if someone takes a dead man over there and plants him in my bedroom, that's a very creepy thought. Looks like that someone doesn't love me any too well!"

Ellie wouldn't have this, either. "I never heard such nonsense!" she cried. Jenny couldn't be unloved! "Who would do such a thing to you? Whoever it was that put poor Vernon over there, it was because they—he—whatever it was, knew you were out, might be out for hours, and then his body wouldn't be found soon. I mean, as soon as if he had been left on the landing."

"My word, you're a good little friend!" Grogan said, and laughed cheerfully. "Loyal, isn't she?" He gave Mick a wink.

Mick grunted, his face expressionless. What was this smooth blighter getting around to?

Grogan took up with Jenny again: "Now, how well did you know this feller in Malaya, Mrs. Fenton?"

And so it went on: while the sun climbed and the scent of the roses that Mick had sent Ellie yesterday was heavy on the air, and the eternal doves outside cooed in melancholy reproach.

When the detectives had left and Jenny had gone back to her flat, Mick went over to Ellie and lifted her face and kissed her. "This is all rather nasty, darling, isn't it?"

"Yes." She was thoughtful.

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WITH care in preparation, and during growth, this delicately scented, exquisitely fashioned rainbow will last three or four months during winter and spring.

It is best to sow early to get the flowers in winter because then they last much longer and the colors do not fade. February and early March are the best months.

Choose a place out in the open, where there is plenty of sunshine and where adequate support can be given.

The position is really ideal if there is protection from cold and boisterous winter winds as well.

The size of bunches and the quality of flowers are determined before the seed is sown.

They depend on proper soil preparation.

The best soil is a stiff garden loam, but don't be dismayed if yours is sandy, because it can be improved sufficiently by adding plenty of humus.

It is very important that heavy soils are well drained, because sweet peas will die if they get wet feet.

Sweet peas are deep rooters and for really first-class flowers it pays to trench, preferably to a depth of two feet.

Where the soil is deep it will suffice to mix some compost into it, but in many areas sub-soil will have been reached before two feet. In these areas it is worth while digging this out and replacing with a good soil mixture containing a generous amount of compost.

Plenty of width in the trench is also needed or it will act as a dam in wet seasons. This is why good drainage is essential.

Gardeners who are satisfied with something less than show quality can omit the trenching and prepare the soil by turning it to spade depth.

making the bed two to three feet wide and adding the compost as before.

When doing the initial digging, add a good snowing of lime and turn it well in.

Being legumes, sweet peas are able to manufacture their own nitrogenous foodstuffs from soil nitrogen which occurs in forms unavailable to higher plants.

This is done by the bacteria which live in the nodules. They are like little white lumps and occur on the roots of all legumes.

These bacteria cannot do their job properly unless the soil is alkaline.

If the peas are grown in a position which previously grew them, these bacteria will

fertiliser mixture into the bed, allowing five to six pounds to every 50 feet.

Sow the seed one inch deep and six inches apart, cover with soil, firm down, and water.

The seedlings are a favorite diet of many pests, so be generous with snail bait. If cut-worms are about, put out some Paris green-bran bait.

When the seedlings are three or four inches high they should be guided up to the wire netting with twigs or they will flop about and growth will be retarded.

It will be necessary to tie the stems to stakes if this method is being used.

When about a foot high a second shoot may spring out from the base of the first. This should be retained, but any more should be cut off.

This pruning will force laterals to grow from the leaf axils.

When the flower buds appear, give a weak liquid manure dressing once a week or ten days.

GARDENING

be present in the soil and will invade the host when it is quite young.

If being grown in virgin soil, it is a good idea to take no chances, but add to the bed a few spadefuls of soil from a previous sweet-pea patch.

Let the prepared bed settle for a week or so before sowing. During this break the trellis can be made.

It can be a temporary structure or a permanent wire-netting screen. The latter must be erected between two strong posts with smaller uprights at 12-foot intervals. The screen should be about ten feet high, and the mesh of the wire 2½ inches to 4 inches.

Suitable temporary supports can be made of 10-foot or 12-foot stakes, placing five or six of them in a cone shape, having their bases a foot or so apart and tying the tops together with wire.

Sow two seeds at the base of each stake.

Just before sowing the seed, dig a dressing of complete



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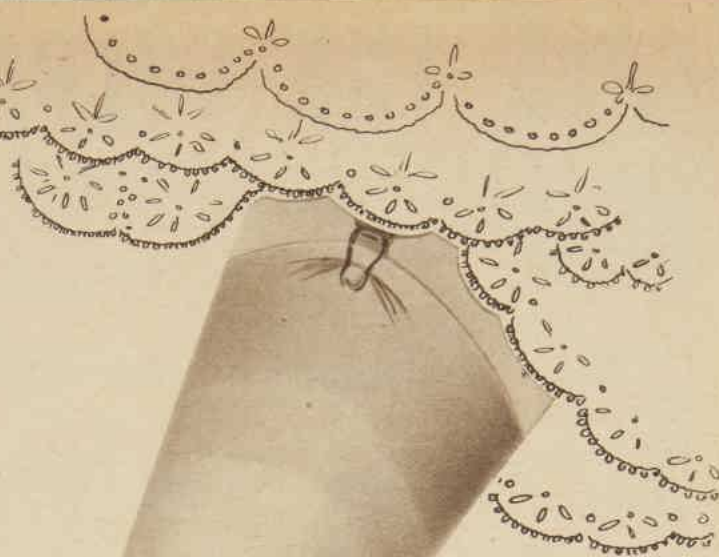
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Sheer nylons with 2-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h in tops'n'toes for lasses (small and tall) who are hard to fit.

Murder and Poor Jenny

[from page 40]

"You could see those detestable creatures didn't believe Jenny."

"Well! I'm not sure they're believing us, either! Confine your sympathy to yourself and me for a while, will you?" His tone was dry. "Jenny is defending herself—very nicely, too. She's got everything under control. She knows the world as it is, without any fancy touches." He turned away, looked at his watch, swore, hurried into the bedroom.

She heard him kicking his slippers into a corner, putting on his shoes.

He was back in a minute. He said blankly: "Here. Hey! What did you draw this sum of money for?"

Her face shut down. "I wanted it."

"Not to go shopping with, but to leave lying around in the flat?"

"Is a couple of hundred pounds the wealth of the Indies?"

"It's a bit too much to draw for petty cash. Come on, Ellie, what was it for?"

"To buy tons of sausages and thousands of eggs."

"Tell me, what was it?"

She walked over, stooped, and picked up her Siamese kitten, prinked out the blue bow. "Have you never heard of the Married Women's Property Act?"

"I have. When they gave a woman all her own property as well as her husband's." He flung down the clothes brush and shrugged himself into his coat. "All right, don't tell me, shut up like a clam."

She followed him to the front door. "For the last time, darling—what was it?" he asked.

"Well . . ." her arms round his neck, rubbing her cheek against his, "it was to pay my Polish tailor."

He held her off and looked at her suspiciously. "In cash?"

"His name's like the alphabet backwards and I can't spell it."

"Oh, nuts!" He pushed her inside, banged the door, and ran downstairs.

Ellie was dressing to go out for her lunch appointment with Mick when Jenny came in, ready, too, to go and meet Nigel. She came into the bedroom where Ellie, in her slip, was sitting at the dressing-table combing her hair.

Ellie greeted her warmly and for a while they discussed the visit from the police, going over every aspect of the affair. Jenny lounged in the chair by the window and talked about Vernon, and that weakness in him that wouldn't let him—

as she called it—"take life on the chin," but kept him ducking and flinching.

"That's no use," she said. "You've got to be tough with facts as they are or they'll get very tough with you. Poor old Vernon never seemed to wake up to that. Each small crisis was met, after a fashion, but he never planned ahead, not properly." She sighed and yawned, stretched herself, gazing thoughtfully out of the window into the unstained blue.

Ellie got up and went to the wardrobe.

Jenny said, glancing up from the cigarette she was lighting at the butt of the last one: "Don't be fooled by the breeze. It's going to be hot today."

"Is it?" Ellie ran her hand over the row of dresses.

"Wear that grey tie silk. I love you in that."

Ellie took it down, slipped it over her head, and fastened the belt round her waist.

Jenny sighed: "I wish I was as thin as you. Look, El," she said suddenly, "this is what you want with that dress." She pulled off the hat she was wear-

ing—a turned-up green hat with folds of green ribbon at the back—and threw it over. "Try it on."

Ellie sat down and fitted the green hat on her waving hair. The ribbon folds falling down over the hair at the back were like the silky sheath over pale corn.

Jenny said, getting up and standing behind her. "It's wonderful on you, simply made for you. You look like an Ondine, the Ice Maiden, or something. It's yours."

"Nonsense! Here, take it."

"Don't take it off." Jenny caught her hand. "Honest, it really is your hat. A perfect dream! Look at the side."

And now Ellie had picked up the hand-mirror and was turning her head this way and that, her face absorbed and utterly captivated.

Watching her, Jenny said: "You're most welcome to it. I never liked myself in it. I can't think why I bought it. The green makes my skin look green and—I don't know, it just isn't me."

Ellie was murmuring, leaning forward to the glass: "But it's such a lovely little hat, I'd adore it, of course. Let me buy it."

"Oh, don't be crazy. Buy it! I'd love you to have it. Keep it on and knock Mick."

With a look of sheer delight, Ellie got up. "Thanks, Jenny, ever so much."

"Good." Jenny was at the door. "Wait for me, I'll run in and stick on something else."

~~~~~  
"In nine cases out of ten a woman had better show more affection than she feels."

JANE AUSTEN (*Pride and Prejudice*).

~~~~~  
We'll share a taxi. It's on Nigel!"

Ellie followed her across, and while Jenny was in the bedroom strolled about the sitting-room looking at things.

"This room's always got a special little air of luxury," she murmured, half to herself, half to the other just within earshot. "I always think it has a sort of secluded feeling . . . What a lot of nice new books you've got. This one about Tibet any good? . . . Oh, lovely gardenias! Pretty things you've got in this cabinet. May I open it?"

"Of course. Open what you like. I haven't got any Blue Beard chambers." Jenny came in, battered afresh.

Ellie had taken out the horse of greenish-white jade and was examining it appreciatively. "Isn't this lovely? I don't think I've seen it before. Did you bring it from Malaya?"

"It's not mine. Nigel bought it and left it here with me."

"Same thing," Ellie said with a sly smile.

On their way downstairs

Bernie darted out of his flat. His door must have been ajar and he lying in wait, as he so often was.

"Hullo, you beautiful two!" he greeted them. "Out to slay 'em as usual?" But his gallantry was perfunctory. Softly he pulled the door shut behind him. "Wait a minute, Jenny, there was just something . . ."

Leaving them, Ellie went on down the stairs.

Bernie's expression as he confronted Jenny was injured. "Why did you tell that inspector this morning that it wasn't so carry a parcel that I came p with you yesterday?"

"Oh, Bernie darling, wasn't it frightful!" she whispered, but still like a gay conspirator. "I got all flummoxed. I said at first—what fools we were not to arrange every tiny little de-

tail—that I'd asked you to come up to get a book for Selma."

"Yes—apparently!"

"And I stuck to it. It was simply that I kept on saying what I'd first said. You know, like a kid caught out in a lie and not able to take it back."

"Landing me in the soup."

"But it doesn't matter one scrap. It's such an unimportant detail."

"Is it?"

"Of course it is. You don't want to let those silly cops scare you."

"Who's scared?"

"I'm sorry, darling, if it upset you. You're not angry with me, are you, Bernie?"

His glum face was softening as he looked at her standing there, so gay and confident, with her long laughing eyes between the sleek brows and the subtly moulded cheekbones. He said slowly: "No . . . I'm not angry with you. But I could've wrung your neck when he came in just now and started jawing about it again! Luckily Selma was out and I told him I'd said it to have a good excuse in front of her."

Jenny's soft glance caressed his face. "My clever sweet!"

He caught her hand and held it in a crushing clasp. "You could get away with murder!"

She laughed softly. "I believe I could." Her hand returned his pressure. "Don't worry, Bernie love. The police won't give it another thought. I'll see you later," and she hurried down to join Ellie, leaving Bernie, heavy and empty, standing looking after her from the top of the stairs.

On the ground floor the Kanes' door was open, and through it could be seen Mr. and Mrs. Kane and Grogan seated at a table. The drone of their voices came out talking of Vernon . . . talking, talking. Grogan's back was to the door.

Jenny spoke: "Can I have one word with you, Inspector?"

"Sure." He got up and came out.

"Will there be policemen in my flat tonight?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Then if it's all right I'll go back there to sleep. I shan't like it at first, but one has to begin. I can't billet myself on the Andersons indefinitely."

"Nonsense, Jenny, you know you can stay with us as long as you like," Ellie said.

"No, I can't—very tactless—practically a honeymoon couple."

The sea breeze blowing in the glass doors fluttered the smoke-grey folds about Ellie's slender limbs and stirred her hair. The side light gave her skin a pearly transparency . . .

Ellie was standing opposite the inspector, Jenny beside him. It was Ellie he was looking at as Jenny put out a hand and re-arranged a fold of ribbon on the bright green hat.

Not long after Ellie's and Jenny's taxi had disappeared another drew up at Arlington Court.

Grogan was still in the hall when Peter Livingstone jumped out and ran up the steps. The inspector said good morning, noting the suitcase that Peter was carrying. "Come to stay, Mr. Livingstone?"

"For a day or two. I thought it'd be just as well for my mother to have me here."

"That's right. She might feel a bit nervous like, after this murder that's happened in the building."

"That's what I thought." Peter pulled off his hat and blinked, coming in from the white glare outside. "Any fresh developments? Though I suppose that's the question you're

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Continuing . . . Murder and Poor Jenny

from page 43

being asked every hour of the day.

"Pretty near. Beginning with the Superintendent! No, there's nothing to report yet. You'd be surprised what a lot of people was real fond of Vernon Walsh this morning."

Peter gave a short laugh. "I expect so. Well, I must join the number. I must say I always thought him quite a decent sort of bloke."

"Yeah . . . oh, yeah. But you say you didn't know him extra well?"

"Hardly at all. I'm so little in town. I knew it pleased my mother to have him working on these books. Since the shortage of labor she can't see a man without a job without wondering what she can get him to do for her."

Peter's long, lean figure moved towards the stairs. He had his foot on the bottom step when Grogan said: "Just a minute, Mr. Livingstone. About that last time you saw Walsh."

Peter paused. "Yes?"

"The night before he was killed, you said. You were having dinner with your mother and he was in the bookroom as you were leaving."

"Yes," he repeated, his foot still on the step as though about to continue his upward journey.

"You borrowed one of the books that night, took it away with you. It was entitled 'The Golden Asse.' Can you explain how that book came to be in Walsh's pocket the next day when he was found dead?"

Peter took his foot off the step. He didn't make any further pretence that he was going right up. He put down his case and came back, and his face under the inspector's gaze looked more burnt up than usual, the lines that he was too young to have more visible.

He exclaimed: "I'd forgotten all about that. Yes . . . yes, this reminds me. I did see Walsh yesterday."

"You did? Where?"

"He came to my hotel."

"What time was this?"

"It was sometime after lunch, about two, I'd think. He came and knocked at my sitting-room door."

"Got a suite there, have you?"

"Bedroom and sitting-room. My wife was down with me last week."

"What'd he want with you?"

"Oh, quite a trivial errand. He said he was passing the hotel and thought he'd come up and find out if I'd borrowed any other books from the library before he went away on holiday. I said no, I had only 'The Golden Asse,' that I'd taken the night before, and that I'd had a look through it and it didn't particularly interest me and I gave it to him back."

"Why didn't you mention this last night, about Walsh's visit to you earlier in the day?"

"Well, you know how it is. It slipped my memory. I had a lot of things to do yesterday, business appointment, friends to see. When he turned up at the hotel I was just leaving to go out."

"Didn't it strike you it might be important, when you heard he'd been murdered, that, barring the one that did it, you were maybe the last one that saw him alive?"

"Is that important?"

"Could be. The person that sees someone just before he's killed can sometimes give very important information. The murdered man mentions, maybe, where he's going next, who he's just about to meet."

Peter looked thoughtful. "Yes, I see. No . . . he didn't happen to say anything to me about his movements. No, we

talked about the books, how long he was going to be away in Melbourne, that sort of thing."

"Did you ask him in to sit down?"

"No, I didn't. I was just going out, as I told you. We went down in the lift together and went to the bar and had a drink, and then he left me."

"What time would that be?"

"Can't say to the minute . . . twenty past two, round about."

Grogan was looking thoughtful, too. "Yes, I see . . . Funny, now."

"What's funny, Inspector?"

"I'm told that Walsh was rather careless with these books."

"Is that so? I didn't know, my mother didn't complain."

"I mean, that friends dropped in and borrowed 'em and he never troubled. Yet he bothers to chase you up on the off-chance you might have one. And the whole lot of 'em belongs to you, anyhow."

"Belong to me, yes." There was a sharpness in Peter's voice. "But they were in his charge. He was getting the collection ready for sale quite soon."

He pulled out cigarettes, lighted one, and looked with narrowed eyes past Grogan out to the road. Below the bright hair, small beads of sweat glistened on his forehead.

He looked worried, Grogan thought, but this bloke looked like he'd always be worried about something. A fat wool cheque and a hungry nature, the inspector diagnosed.

Peter said slowly: "And I can think of another reason for Walsh chasing up the books."

"What's that?"

"Well, there'd been a certain amount of friction between Walsh and Campbell — don't know exactly what the trouble was, spheres of influence, I suppose — but it's possible that, owing to that, Walsh wanted to impress my mother and me with his extreme conscientiousness. It could've been that."

Grogan nodded, and let him go, and thought, Could not've been, too. Clearing out tomorrow under a false name, Walsh should worry about a few missing books, or what any of this crew thought of him. No, what did he go to Livingstone's hotel for? — go straight up and knock on the door himself. Why didn't Livingstone ask him in? What's a hotel suite for? What did he have in there — or who — that he didn't want Walsh to see?

The inspector turned back and went through to Vernon's room, where Manning was mulling over Vernon's scant possessions, clothes, the few papers and oddments.

Grogan strolled in and sat down on the bed, tipped his hat to the back of his head and wiped his forehead.

As the silence grew, Manning glanced across at his chief suspiciously. "Well?"

Grogan's expression grew solicitous. "Look, Les, I reckon you're over-doing it. You're lookin' thin. Why don't you take a couple of hours off? See what I mean? Have yourself a bit of fun."

Manning dropped the suitcase lid and brought his solid square form over to the bedside. "What's up now?" he demanded sadly.

"Go along to the Rialto theatre and see that musical that's on there."

A few minutes later the inspector got out of the police car at the foot of the road and walked along past the group of sedate shops that served the

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houses and flats on the hill; a Viennese cake shop, confectionery masterpieces in the window under the striped awning; a delicatessen; a hand-made blouse shop. . . . The radio shop was next to this. Radio repairs, electrician. Grogan went in here.

At his request, the owner called to the workshop at the back: "Brian, there's someone here wants to see you."

A young man came in, buttoning on his white coat and eyeing Grogan expectantly. You could see he had read the morning papers, that he knew one of his jobs yesterday might be of interest today, that he knew a detective when he saw one.

Grogan said: "You were the feller that put in a new drop-cord in the hall at Arlington Court yesterday afternoon. Just want to ask you a few questions."

By six o'clock that evening Bernie had had his fill of his wife's stony silence. All day her coldness had hung over the flat like a dark cloud. A change, a colossal change, for Bernie to be trying to woo her out of the doldrums; to be suggesting a jaunt in the car, a luncheon in town; to be running his hand over her sleek dark head and seeking for a smile, a kiss.

Bernie gave up the struggle at about four o'clock. He went out, shutting the door noisily, not saying goodbye nor where he was going. Not questioned, either. He got out the car and drove to his club, and there, cheered by cronies and soothed by Scotch, he put in a couple of hours and returned to Arlington Court in a mood more truculent than placatory.

Selma was in their bedroom changing for dinner.

Mascara brush in hand, she was leaning forward when he opened the door behind her. Their eyes met in the glass. Without greeting, she went on tipping her lashes.

Without a word, too, he went through to the bathroom, splashed heartily under the shower, whistled a tune, and came back wrapped in his towelling robe.

In a minute he said loudly: "Going to keep this up much longer? Having a nice time with yourself, dear? Do, if you want to. You can keep it up as long as you like for all of me."

"Good." Her voice was a cold jet.

He threw off his wrap and plunged into his vest and underpants. "You can't beat a really good woman when she wants to torment some poor devil."

"Indeed? And what do you know about good women?"

"Plenty! However . . . However . . ." He tugged on shirt and trousers.

"However," he began again, "life's been very pleasant for us both up to now, but if you're going to start treating me to this sort of thing every time some little thing happens—"

"Little thing?"

"—try and get me down and make me feel a poor dependent worm—no! I'm not going to put up with that sort of thing. Not on your life! Nobody needs to give me the brush-off twice."

"Oh? Is that a threat?"

"Take it as a promise, if you like. You needn't think you can make me crawl just because all the money's yours."

"I've never thought of money between you and me, Bernie. There was a crack in the marble surface."

"Well, don't now. I'm not afraid of work. I could go up to Peter Livingstone's place any day and get a job. He was

telling me only the other night how the shearers live. Well, too. Fifty quid a week."

"Go then, dear. If you prefer your freedom and a shearer's hut."

"I don't know that I don't. A sight better than black looks and jealous scenes."

She crossed the room and lifted her dress as though to put it on, put it down, looked about her, eyes glimpsing briefly the details of the room she had created round them, its quiet and size and comfort.

"Silver, hyacinth-blue, and cyclamen, with wide, low bed where Bernie was able to sleep the long night through with no dreams of morning work to rouse him."

"When I think," she said, "when I think of how I moved heaven and earth to get here."

"Moved heaven and earth. What exaggerated nonsense!"

"To please you."

"And yourself. You took this house because you liked it, too. We agreed the house we were in was too small, you did a bit of decorating."

She looked at him fixedly. "Is that all?"

"What do you mean?"

"And before two months are out you're playing about with that woman upstairs."

"What? Are you suggesting that Jenny and I—"

She said, spacing her words with deadly emphasis: "You shouldn't wipe her lipstick off your mouth with your handkerchief and let it fall behind the sofa!"

"A bit of a kiss, a bit of lipstick! Why—I mean—Good Lord, Selma."

"And then when I offered to be free for you yesterday afternoon, cancel all my important engagements—oh, no, oh, no, I mustn't do that! Because you're planning to creep into a picture show and sit there alone in the dark with her, thinking yourself so safe and secure. And you would have been, too, if—"

Speechless, Bernie stared at her. Then he turned to the table and snatched up his tie.

"I'm through!" he burst out.

"I'm through!" He was tying his tie with clumsy fingers.

Selma usually did it for him.

At sight of him fumbling now, she hurried over, took the two ends from him, and made a neat bow.

"Oh, Bernie!" She had melted. "Oh, Bernie, darling, stop, let us stop! If we say any more—who knows what we'll say? It's just that my nerves are in shreds after yesterday. I've hardly known what I've been doing or saying all day."

He stood silent above her, his dark chin thrust out sulkily.

She kissed him. He let himself be kissed.

There was a knock on the door.

Selma asked: "Yes?"

"The police, madam," the maid answered. "I've shown them into the drawing-room."

Selma drew away from Bernie. "What can they want?" Her face had clouded with worry again, a different worry now, in which her trouble with Bernie seemed to have been swallowed up.

Bernie muttered something, shrugged himself into his jacket and left the bedroom.

You'd have said to look at the inspector that whatever he had come about wouldn't be likely to cause anyone a moment's uneasiness. Glossy and cheerful even at the end of a long day, he was standing admiring a print on the wall, a Degas dancer. Manning was stationed near the door, making no pretence of admiring anything, least of all Bernie as he came in, bathed and groomed, in well-cut dinner-suit.

"Here again!" Grogan said jovially. "And not at the most convenient time of day, by the

Continuing . . . Murder and Poor Jenny

[from page 44]

looks of things. But we won't keep you long."

"That's all right." Bernie went over to the cocktail-cabinet, took out bottles and shaker, and began the work at which he so brilliantly excelled.

"Well, what's the trouble? Anything I can help you about?" Bernie poured his drink, brought it over to the sofa, sank down, and lighted a cigarette.

"It's just that we've got round to the idea now that Walsh was killed in the Andersons' flat," Grogan told him.

"I know," Bernie nodded, took a swallow of his drink. "Anderson told me."

"Yes, I don't suppose there's much you folks haven't chewed over about this case. Well, then, this feller Walsh must've got in the Andersons' place—"

"Yes, yes—window unlatched, white hairs from hall rug, two hundred pounds missing—I know, get on."

"—and I was thinking that as he passed up that outside stairway to the top floor, if there'd been anyone in your kitchen they could've seen or heard him. It might help to

Dali goes atomic

SALVADOR DALI, the Spanish painter whose work baffles even himself, is shrewd enough to realise that the world has entered the atomic age.

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Some of Dali's most remarkable "atomic" paintings are reproduced in color in the February 8 issue of A.M.

fix the time a bit closer, you see."

Bernie agreed. "Of course. Yes. Heard, at any rate. Steps ring on those iron stairs. You ought to hear the milkman at six a.m.! But I'm afraid you're out of luck with us. Our servants don't live in, and they're rarely here in the afternoon."

"They're not, eh? That's too bad," the inspector said cheerfully, and strolled over again and looked at the dancing-girl on the wall.

Bernie gave him the lead he'd been angling for: "Fond of pictures, Inspector?"

"Well, I can't say I know much about art. Not exactly my subject. More the little lady perched on her toes there I was looking at. Very nice. I like good dancing."

"So do I. I never miss a good musical or a ballet."

"When it comes to ballet," Manning put in, "it's the real old-fashioned stuff I like. Ballet skirts and moonlight and swans. Like in that show at the Rialto."

Grogan turned and looked at him. "I beg yours, Sergeant! What about that dance where they kick the beer-barrels and the room fills up with beer?"

Manning's tone was contemptuous. "You're thinking of some other picture."

"Not me. I thought it a very good show, barring that. I saw

it when it first opened a few months ago."

"I saw it more recent than that, and there wasn't anything like that in it. Anything at all," Manning persisted mournfully.

"Funny how sure people can be! Anyway, you should know, Mr. Rickard, you saw it yesterday. Aren't I right?"

Bernie stood equidistant between the two detectives, held rigid by the question. For a long moment he didn't speak, though he must have known that hesitation could be as fatal as speech, and, also, that, finally, pronouncement on the point he would have to make. It was only a two to one gamble—heads or tails—as good a chance of success as of failure.

Bernie called heads. He said: "Yes, you're right, Inspector."

Tails came down.

Manning said: "Is that so! I went along there this afternoon. Pity you didn't think to do that yourself, Mr. Rickard."

"That's right," Grogan said cheerfully. "I had a hunch you and Mrs. Fenton never spent the afternoon there yesterday."

Bernie moved suddenly, joggling the table and overturning his glass. A small pool spread over the shiny table top. His ensuing bluster was not convincing, his attempts to persuade the detectives that his pronouncement had been made absent-mindedly, that he'd been bored with the show and half asleep. His floundering was purely perfunctory.

When they ended Grogan said: "Care to tell us just where you were yesterday afternoon?"

Bernie snatched up his glass, went across and filled it again. No sipping of this one. He tossed it down. "I was at Bondi," he said savagely.

"Surfing, eh?"

"No. Visiting a friend."

"What's his name?"

"It's a girl." He gave her name and address. "After my wife and I had had lunch she went off to her appointments, and I was at a loose end. I thought of a girl I used to know, she'd got married, I hadn't seen her for a couple of years, and I popped over and looked her up, got there well before three. We had tea together, sat on the lawn and played with the baby. And if you want to know any more about it you can check up with her, as no doubt you will."

Grogan nodded. "Purely a matter of form, Mr. Rickard," and thought, I'll say! An old girl-friend, eh? As good an alibi as any of 'em!

"When I got home at five-thirty," Bernie continued, "I happened to meet Mrs. Fenton down below and went upstairs with her, and, as we told you, found Vernon Walsh dead in her flat."

Manning said: "Yeah. What'd you have to go and invent this story about being at the pictures for, then?"

"I don't intend to answer that question."

Grogan said mildly: "That's right, you don't have to. But if you were only doing something as harmless as all that, Mr. Rickard, paying a visit to an old friend, dandling the kiddie on your knee, it looks like you must've had a pretty strong reason for telling us otherwise."

"It can look what it likes," Bernie shouted. "I don't give a curse what it looks like. These are the facts, take 'em or leave 'em. I'm telling them to you gratuitously. I don't have to if I don't want to—as you so kindly informed me!"

"Well, the conclusion we're forced to draw is that Mrs. Fenton's afternoon wasn't that easily explained. What was she doing?"

Bernie stood in front of the open drink cabinet, his dark head against the background of colored liquors. His eyes

moved swiftly from one to the other. He looked all at once oddly young, like a schoolboy confronted with a question he had expected to be able to answer and suddenly finds he can't.

"Ask her," he said. "Ask her yourself."

On the tail of the detectives' going, Selma appeared. Below the carefully painted mask her face was crumpled. Gone was her look of resilience, her usual air of self-conscious elegance.

Bernie gave one look at her and hurried over and got her a drink. His hand was shaking as he poured it into the glass and brought it to her.

She looked at him steadily, not taking it but leaving him standing holding it. As he started to speak she cut him short: "Don't bother to explain, Bernie, I heard it all."

"Then why the tragedy queen?" he stammered, backing away from her.

"You didn't go to the pictures with Jenny Fenton?"

"No. No, I didn't. As you heard, I had tea with Betty King, and don't say you're not going to suspect me with her!"

"Indeed, no. Far from it."

"Then I hope you're going to take back some of the dirt you've slung at me. I didn't sit in the dark with Jenny. Or hold her hand! Or do any of the oh so shocking things that people do at the pictures!"

"No," she said, and put her hand for a moment over her eyes as though Bernie were literally trying to throw dust in them. "Worse than that. Far worse than that, I now realise."

"What are you getting at?"

"You're not a very self-sacrificing person, Bernie. You usually play for your own complete safety. But you're so infatuated with this woman that you were ready to lie yourself into this disgraceful fix to get her out of—of goodness only knows what trouble!"

To be continued

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action that was becoming even more smooth in performance these days.

Things had moved so swiftly. He had been a little nettled when Evadne Gilchrist included him in her party for the Charity Ball that following week, though until he arrived for dinner he had not had any idea that he was to escort his hostess.

He had been flattered. And Evadne was excellent company. As her father said, once you understood Evadne you knew her worth. Her father obviously adored her.

But when Tod Gilchrist telephoned John and asked him to his office for a chat and put up the proposition for John's entry into the Gilchrist stock and station agent's firm on remarkably sound and generous terms, there had been no talk of Evadne.

It was as one Old Boy of St. Francis' to another, to one who had brought sports honors to the school in his day.

John was touched and deeply grateful. He moved into his new job the next month.

Continuing . . . Goodbye, My Glasshouse

from page 5

Three months later he was engaged to Evadne.

He was not quite so sure even now just how that had happened, but he knew he was lucky. Everyone told him so. They had had some wonderful times together, too, in those three months, with Evadne happily unconcerned at John's rugged forthrightness, and apparently loving him for himself.

Even the fact of his name being, as she said with a faint shudder, that of a famous prizefighter, she passed off with a laugh.

The new job carried an excellent salary, which John appreciated but felt he earned. Tod Gilchrist was not easy with his executives. He expected a fair return for his money and goodwill and more besides.

It was only in this last month or two that John had become gradually aware of the tightening of the rein.

Not by Tod. By Evadne. But now he followed her do-

cilely enough into the house.

"And so," Evadne was saying, sinking gracefully into the priceless antique love-seat and waving John towards an equally priceless piece that held extremely modern drinks, "we've decided to hold a dance at Riverside next month."

John poured drinks and listened.

"Limiting it to members, of course," Evadne said. "Tickets at three guineas."

"Isn't that a bit steep? Three guineas double?"

Evadne stretched and yawned. "Single. As Harold Rowlands said, you've got to do the thing properly."

John said bluntly, "D'you think anybody'd be mug enough to pay that kind of money? They're not all soap-kings."

Evadne did not answer at once. Instead, she looked at John with the faint frown of distaste that often settled on her brow in their moments alone. After a minute she put up her hand and stroked his hair. "John, darling, don't you think you're being a little suburban?"

"Maybe I am," John said. "I come from the suburbs, remember?"

Evadne gave a small laugh, though her color heightened. "You really give me little opportunity to forget."

John swallowed his drink and stood up. "One thing, Evadne, I'll say what I like and act as I like. I'm not living in a glasshouse to suit anybody."

At once Evadne was all sweetness. "Johnnie, darling, of course not. I couldn't want you any different, could I?"

She drew his head down and kissed him with a passion that still moved him, even as he murmured, "I wonder."

John was leaving the car in Riverside car-park the next Saturday when he heard a distant hail, "Hiya, Moses!"

He grinned, looking along the river bank till he saw her, this time in a small flat-bottomed boat on the river, and with a young man. He waved back, after first making sure that Evadne was occupied at the Rowlands' car.

He had thought more than a little about Ria in this last week. He looked rather wistfully at the neat, purposeful figure with the bright short curls. He wondered about the man she was with and decided he did not much care for him.

"John!" There was an edge of impatience in Evadne's voice.

He swung his clubs on to his trolley. "Coming, dear," he said.

From the higher ground of the fourteenth tee he looked across the car-park to the river. There was the fisherman, intent on making his cast. Beyond the flax bushes was little Miss Mud, fishing rod propped in the correct stance and a book wide open on her lap.

It intrigued John, "Mudlarking," he muttered.

"What was that?" Evadne's voice, sharp with scorn, brought him back. "Really, John, you might concentrate. There, you've sliced it!"

John applied himself to the game.

Evadne seemed abstracted on the way home. They were almost back to town before she broke into John's thought with a perception that bordered on telepathy.

"I've discovered one or two things about your little pick-up, John."

"Pick-up?" he repeated resentfully, knowing she meant Ria and hating her for the slur. "I don't follow."

"Oh, don't be absurd. That little piece on the river bank. She was ogling you today, too. Well, she's old Colonel Frinton's granddaughter, and they tell me she's engaged, or as good as, to Anthony Rowlands, Harold's cousin."

"Soap," John said thought-

fully. "It's attractive in quantity or its profits are." He knew he was being unfair. Instinctively he knew that profits would not affect Ria's judgment. And, after all, Anthony Rowlands might be different from Harold.

"Harold Rowlands," Evadne said pointedly, "is utterly charming. A gentleman at all times."

With all his heart John wished the gentleman at all times had won Evadne.

"I want you to remember what I've told you," Evadne went on, "because the Rowlands are in our party for the dance."

John was aware of a wild surge of elation that no betrothed young man should feel under the circumstances.

That evening, in secret and alone, he went into ways and means of breaking off his engagement. It wasn't, he told himself, that Ria had anything to do with it. A chap did not make vital decisions through merely meeting up with an enchanting face and a merry turn of wit. No, it was simply that he and Evadne were unsuited. Take, for instance, the hopscotch question.

Early on a heavenly Sunday morning, it had been, as he and Evadne strolled upon the beach. It was the week-end he had spent at her father's large and ultra-modern beach house.

Not a soul in sight but he and Evadne, that morning, with the beach smooth as glass from the receding tide, and there, marked out in the sand by some child, was the hopscotch. Even the block of wood was left in first base.

John felt good, at peace with the world. "Come on, Evadne," he had said with a laugh. "Give you a game."

But Evadne wouldn't. "Are you mad?" she asked, her dark brows drawn together in disgust. "What would people think? And on Sunday? And at your age? And . . ."

"Okay," John said. "I'll play my hopscotch myself."

Carefully he played it. There was some satisfaction in defying Evadne even over a trivial matter. Though it wasn't so trivial any longer. The hopscotch had become a symbol, more than that, a map.

As he slid the block and jumped the last three bases, John realised it fully. It was a map of Evadne's projection of life and of his. And they were too different for marriage.

Yet it would break old Tod's heart. John felt, if he were to, jilt Evadne. Also it would mean the end of his promising career in Gilchrist's.

John swore into his pillow. If only Evadne could once more look upon Harold with eyes of love and know him as her true destiny. If only Evadne would jilt Sullivan.

Well, there was faint hope in the forthcoming golf dance.

Ria Frinton would be there. On the thought, John rolled over and went to sleep.

The night of the dance was perfect, the air warm and windless. John was pleased. It had been Evadne's idea to have the part of the terrace that overlooked the river arranged as a sitting-out place, with fairy lights and tubs of hydrangeas, and borrowed terrace furniture. A bad night would have ruined that plan, and Evadne disliked her plans ruined.

She was looking her most glamorous tonight. Her gown was flame colored and threaded with gold so that when she moved the skirt rippled and scintillated like fire itself. Yes, Evadne was beautiful, her dark eyes sparkling and her black hair drawn back from the profile that so thrilled the society columnists.

John turned his head to look at Ria. He felt his heart turn, too. Ria, in a full-skirted frock of filmy white, was a picture. She reminded John of the small, exquisite paintings on ivory that he had seen in Italy.

As though she felt his eyes on her she turned and smiled. Immediately John felt everyone must know the strong excitement that possessed him. Soon he would hold her as they danced.

"Do you know," he said softly as he guided her on the dance-floor, "you are very beautiful tonight?"

Her eyes showed her pleasure, but she said demurely: "So is Evadne."

He looked at Evadne, dancing with Harold Rowlands. "She is," he agreed, "in a different way. Tell me, are you going to marry Tony Rowlands?"

"It looks like it," she said in the half-careless, half-dreamy way he had found so attractive that day by the river. Now it irritated him. Prospective marriage was not a scheme to be careless about, no one knew it better than he.

"Looks like it," he repeated. "Don't you know?"

She opened those clear eyes wide and looked up at him. "No. Do you? I mean, do you know if you're going to marry Evadne?"

Beautifully done, he couldn't but admit. He tried bluster. "Of course! That is, naturally. I mean—nothing to do with it—nothing at all. It all depends."

She nodded. "That's what I meant."

They danced in silence. Then, "Why do you trail around the river bank?" he asked abruptly.

She seemed to consider, her slim body following his in the rhythmic turn of the samba. "It's like your golf. Evadne likes golf, so you play. Tony likes fishing, so I fish. Only, I don't fish," she ended.

"It's crazy," John said.

"Crazy," she agreed.

His arm tightened about her as he said, "We ought to do something about it." He didn't catch her answer, quite. For a moment he thought she whispered "I'm going to."

"Little Ria," he murmured, not quite steadily as the dance ended. He led her back to the table and to Anthony Rowlands. However, he was not alone. Evadne was waiting.

It was late before he strolled out on to the terrace. He was alone, his partner visiting at another table, and he was glad of a breath of air. The moon was casting a romantic light over Evadne's flowers and highlighting the dull satin of the river below. Couples were walking along the narrow path beside the stream. John heard Evadne's restrained laugh, somewhere along there, also Harold's affected, "Oh, indubitably, my dear. Indubitably."

Ass, John thought. They passed on, not seeing him in the shade of the old copper beach.

There now was Ria, her white frock pale and glimmering in the moonlight. She turned for a moment, scanning the bank above, and John thought she waved to him slightly.

What happened next was so sudden he was rendered incapable of further clear thought. There was a shriek, a splash, wild cries of "Help, help!" And, unmistakably in Ria's clear voice, "John—help!"

And John, minus his dinner-jacket and shoes, was down the bank and in the icy cold water.

Ria seemed well out in the stream. "John," she moaned.

She went down again as he reached her, then came up, moving her head and blinking. "John!"

"Coming, darling!" he called, uncaring of the cluster of people on the bank. "I've got you."

He grasped her frock and heard her sigh of thankfulness. He pulled her to the bank and the Rowlands helped her out and led her muddy and dripping to the clubhouse.

Someone produced towels, a gratecoat for Ria and golf-clothes for John. Evadne, John noted, was not among those present as the rescue party gathered in the club sitting-room. Nor was Harold Rowlands.

They came in together later. Evadne eyed John with pronounced hostility. "It had to be you, I suppose, to act the hero for her," she said. She looked at Ria as at some lesser species of water-snake.

"Yes," John said.

"I've been thinking," Evadne went on, drawing off her ring and tossing it on to Colonel Frinton's plus-fours which John was wearing, "that all this is rather boring. Harold agrees entirely. In fact, we're announcing our engagement in the morning."

"Absolutely," Harold said dispassionately.

"Grand!" John rose, knocking Evadne's diamond to the floor as he hastened to shake hands. Ria said nothing, just sat there, her eyes shining.

After they had drifted away Anthony Rowlands drifted in. "Everything all right?"

"Fine. By the way," John said, "considering Ria was your partner you acted very strangely. No attempt to save her. She might have drowned."

Tony Rowlands shook his head, his face bland. "No," he said gently, "she wouldn't."

"It's easily done."

"Not by Ria," Anthony said. "She swims like a fish."

Afterwards, sitting in the car, John said, "Darling, was it all—"

She nodded, her arms tight around his neck. "I had to do something."

"And mudlarking's your hobby," John murmured, kissing her.

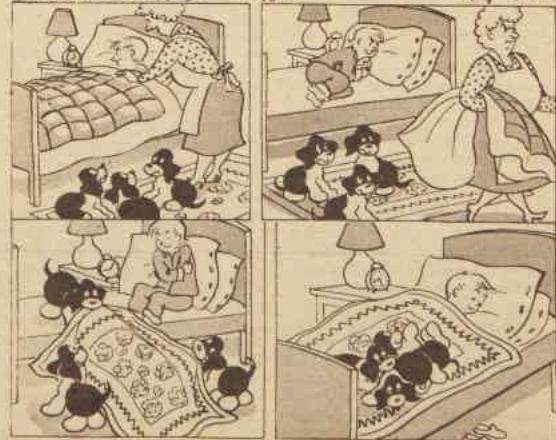
"Was my hobby," she told him. "Now—it's you!"

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



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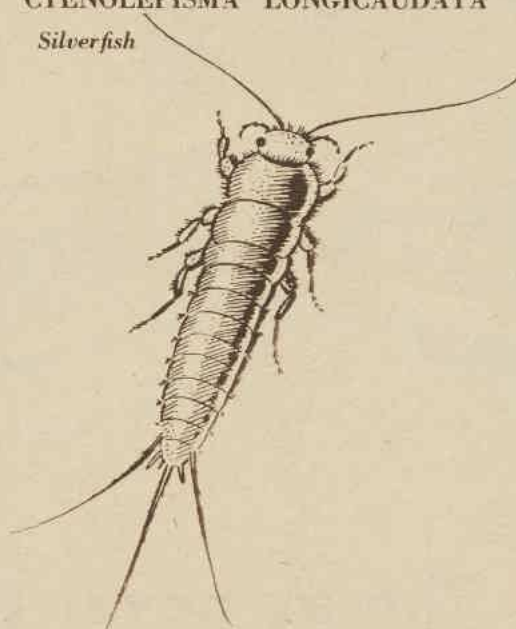


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TO get the best results it is advisable to cook bananas when they reach the degree of ripeness suitable for the type of dish.

For baking bananas in their skins, select those with yellow skins and green-tipped ends.

For sweet or savory dishes, skins should be all yellow or slightly flecked with brown.

Bananas with skins well flecked with brown are most easily digested, so choose this type for eating raw or for use in drinks.

The dishes given on this page will lead you into new fields of banana cooking and help you to make full use of this inexpensive, versatile food in the daily menu.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

HAM AND BANANA ROLLS

Six thin slices pressed ham, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 6 firm bananas (skins all yellow), 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, one quantity cheese sauce, parsley.

Spread ham slices lightly with mixed mustard. Peel bananas, place one on each ham slice and roll up so that banana tips are exposed at each end of ham; brush tips with melted shortening. Place prepared rolls in greased ovenware dishes, pour cheese sauce over and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes until bananas are tender and sauce lightly browned. Serve piping hot garnished with parsley.

Cheese Sauce: One and a half dessertspoons butter or substitute, 1½ dessertspoons flour, ½ cup milk, 1½ cups grated processed cheese.

Melt butter or substitute, add flour, stir until smooth. Cook 2 minutes without browning. Slowly stir in milk, then add cheese, and stir constantly until sauce is smooth and thickened.

BANANA COCONUT ROLLS

Five firm bananas (skins all yellow), 2 dessertspoons melted butter or substitute, 2 dessertspoons lemon juice, ½ cup shredded coconut, orange and pineapple slices, and cherries to garnish.

Peel bananas, place in greased baking-dish or ovenware serving-dish. Brush with melted butter or substitute, then with lemon juice. Sprinkle with coconut and bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes until bananas are tender and coconut lightly browned. Garnish with orange and pineapple slices and cherries. Serve with or without fruit sauce or cream.

BANANA FRITTERS

Three or four firm bananas (skins all yellow), ¼ cup flour, fritter batter, and fat or oil for frying, castor sugar, lemon wedges.

Heat fat or oil to 375 degrees or until a lin. cube of bread will brown in 40 seconds. Peel bananas, cut each crosswise into 4 or 5 pieces. Roll in flour, coat completely with fritter batter and deep-fry approximately 6 minutes until evenly browned. Drain on kitchen paper, serve with lemon wedges and castor sugar or with pineapple sauce.

Fritter Batter: One cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup milk, 1 dessertspoon melted butter.

Sift together flour, baking-powder, and salt. Beat egg, add milk, sugar, and melted shortening and stir into dry ingredients, making a smooth thick batter.

PINEAPPLE SAUCE

Two and a half teaspoons sugar, 2½ teaspoons cornflour, pinch salt, ¼ cup drained crushed pineapple, 1 cup pineapple juice, ½ teaspoon lemon juice.

Combine sugar, cornflour, and salt. Gradually add pineapple juice, stirring until smooth. Bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Simmer 5 minutes, add lemon juice and crushed pineapple. Serve hot or cold.

BANANA LAYER CAKE

Two and a quarter cups flour, 1½ cups sugar, 2½ teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon bi-carbonate soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup butter or substitute (at room tempera-

ture), 1½ cups mashed bananas (skins yellow flecked with brown), 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour, baking-powder, soda, and salt; add sugar, mix well. Add butter or substitute, ½ cup of the bananas and the eggs. Beat 2 minutes by hand or at slow to medium speed on an electric mixer. Scrape down sides of bowl several times while beating. Add balance of bananas and vanilla and beat 1 minute longer. Fill into two greased 8in. sandwich-tins and bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. Allow to stand in tins 5 minutes, then turn carefully on to cake-cooler to cool. When cold, fill and frost with your favorite filling and frosting.

Variations:

Banana Spice Layer Cake: Sift 1-8th teaspoon cloves, 1½ teaspoons cinnamon, and ½ teaspoon nutmeg with other dry ingredients, and mix as given.

Banana Cupcakes: Fill mixture a dessertspoonful at a time into greased patty-tins. Bake in moderate oven approximately 25 minutes. Makes 18 to 20 cupcakes.

BANANA MILKSHAKE

Peel one fully ripe banana (skin well flecked with brown), slice into a bowl and beat with rotary beater or electric mixer until smooth and creamy. Add 1 cup cold milk, mix well, and serve immediately.

Banana Pineapple: Prepare as given for plain banana milkshake and add ½ cup tinned pineapple juice when adding the milk. Mix well, and serve immediately with pineapple slices or pieces to garnish the glasses.

HAM and banana rolls, banana fritters with pineapple sauce, banana layer cake, banana coconut rolls, and three banana milk shakes show you some of the delicious ways bananas can be used. See recipes on this page.

Banana Chocolate: Prepare as given for plain banana milkshake and add 2 or 3 teaspoons chocolate syrup and ½ teaspoon vanilla with the milk. Mix well, serve immediately with sprinkling of nutmeg or grated chocolate.

Banana Orange: Prepare as given for plain milkshake, reducing milk to ¾ cup and adding ½ teaspoon sugar and ½ cup orange juice with the milk. Mix well, serve immediately.

BANANA CHIFFON PIE

One 9in. cooked biscuit or shortcrust pastry-case, 3 teaspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, ¼ cup mashed bananas (skins all yellow), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind, 2/3rd cup sugar, 2 eggs, pinch salt.

Soften gelatine in water. Mix mashed bananas with lemon juice, add lemon and orange rind, ½ cup of the sugar, beaten egg-yolks, and salt. Cook over boiling water until sugar is dissolved without allowing to boil. Remove from heat, add gelatine, mix well to dissolve gelatine. Cool until slightly thickened, then fold in egg-whites, beaten to meringue consistency with remaining sugar. Fill in to pastry-case, chill until firm.

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Ice Cream
this quicker,
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**KRAFT
ICE
CREAM
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AND BLEND TILL SMOOTH



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3 FLAVOURS

VANILLA . . . STRAWBERRY
. . . CHOCOLATE

Vanilla also in 12 oz.
family size tin.



MADE BY KRAFT FOODS

POPULAR RECIPE CONTEST

A superb oven-cooked meat dish flavored with pineapple and lemon juices wins the main prize in this week's contest.

● All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

BOSTON VEAL WITH PINEAPPLE

Six veal chops, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 6 pineapple slices, extra flour, fat.

Trim chops, wipe with damp cloth, coat with seasoned flour. Brown lightly in hot fat. Remove from pan, place in ovenware dish. Combine pineapple and lemon juices with sauce, pour over chops. Cover and bake in moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours, or until meat is tender. Coat drained pineapple lightly with extra flour, fry lightly on both sides in a small quantity of fat. Arrange chops and pineapple alternately on serving dish, pour sauce over. Serve hot.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. I. Rolfe, Leongatha, Gippsland, Victoria.

Tony's luxury dish

Lobster a la viva

"Lobsters or any shell-fish must be fresh, and that means being actually alive," says Tony of Sydney's Colony Club.

FRESHNESS cannot be overlooked, because unless shell-fish are cooked while still alive they are unsafe to eat.

For the following dish it is best to start with a live lobster, but before starting to cut it up it should be drowned in fresh water.

Two live lobsters each $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 3 tablespoons sweet butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ glasses good brandy, 4 shallots, $1\frac{1}{2}$ glasses dry sherry, 2 cups fish stock, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chopped tarragon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cayenne pepper, 1 clove garlic, 1 teaspoon chopped chervil, 4 fresh mushrooms, 4 ripe tomatoes, 3 tablespoons fresh cream, chopped Swedish dill.

Split the lobsters lengthwise in two, season with salt and pepper, place in a saucepan with two tablespoons of the butter, add the brandy and set a flame to the lobster. Then add the shallots, sherry, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the fish stock, the tarragon, cayenne pepper, crushed garlic and chervil. Let it cook together for 25 to 30 minutes. Remove the lobster, add the balance of the fish stock and

boil until the liquid is reduced to 1-3rd of its original quantity. Add the peeled, chopped mushrooms, the skinned and peeled tomatoes (no seeds), cream, and dill. Add balance of butter and correct the seasoning. Remove lobster meat from shell, cut into small squares. Mix well with some of the sauce, replace the meat in the shell. Cover the meat with the remaining sauce, and heat under a griller or in hot oven. Serves 6 to 8 persons.

Economy Family Dish

This week's family dish uses inexpensive chuck or round steak, but the dish, when finished, is very appetising and nourishing.

THE dish costs approximately 5/3 and serves four.

SPANISH STEAK

One and a half pounds chuck steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 small onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper, pinch marjoram or thyme, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon sweet chutney, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock or water, 1 dessert-



BOSTON VEAL CHOPS with sauteed pineapple slices make an appetizing and unusual dinner dish. See main prize-winning recipe.

Homemaker wins prize

A bedside table or bureau and a medicine chest made from an old-fashioned washstand win the £3/3/- cash prize in our popular homemakers' contest.



SKETCH above shows the old washstand before it was converted.

MRS. J. Laws, 4 Thorby Avenue, Leichhardt, N.S.W., sent in this winning entry.

"My mother was disposing of an old-fashioned washstand like the one shown in the sketch at left," she writes. "It was in good condition with a marble top, a cupboard with a shelf on one side, three drawers on the other side and a tiled back set in a framework of wood."

"Always having an eye to extra cupboard space, I claimed it."

"First the back was removed and the chest cut down the centre, leaving the drawer portion intact. This was the section that made the table. The marble top was replaced with half the wood which backed the tiles, the legs cut down and replaced, and, as a finish, the fancy piece of wood that had topped the tiles

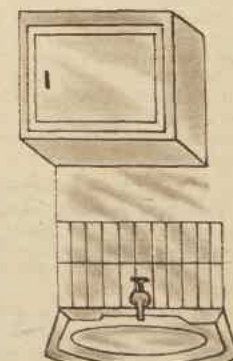


BEDSIDE table or bureau which was made from the drawer section of the old-fashioned washstand.

was used at the back of the table.

"The cupboard section was made smaller in depth, a top put on from scraps of the timber and it was then placed in the bathroom in a corner so that the walls formed the back and side where these had been cut away. Painted to match the bathroom it is a roomy medicine chest."

"The tiles of the washstand were set above the handbasin, and the marble used as a top for a kitchen work-bench."



THE medicine chest and wall tiles over the handbasin above were other uses found for parts of the washstand.

MAKE THIS SUN HAT

A N unusual little cotton hat—a storm design for sunshine—will be ideal for beach or garden wear.

Materials: 1yd. 36in. cotton fabric.

To Make: From the diagrams given at right, in which each square equals 1in., draw and cut patterns A and B to full scale.

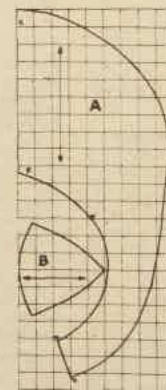
From pattern A cut four pieces of fabric for brim, and eight pieces for the crown from pattern B, allowing $\frac{1}{2}$ in. for seams on pattern pieces. In addition, cut two strips for ties, 18in. long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide.

Place two brim sections, right sides together, edges even, and stitch down centre front and centre back seams; press seams open. Repeat with other two brim sections. Place these sections, right sides together, and machine round outer curved edge.

Trim seam, turn brim right side out. Run two rows of gathering-stitch round back curve of brim $\frac{1}{2}$ in. and $\frac{1}{4}$ in. from raw edge.

Join four crown sections, right sides together, edges even, to form crown, then repeat with remaining four sections for the lining. Pull up gathers on brim to fit crown, space gathers evenly, then place crown to brim, right sides together, and stitch. Trim seams and press.

Place lining to crown, wrong sides together and with seams matching. Catch stitch seams lightly together, turn in lower raw edge of lining and slip-stitch to machine stitching. This is the wrong side of hat. Fold each tie lengthwise in half, stitch down long, raw edge, turn right side out and finish off short, raw ends. Sew ties on wrong side of hat.



COPY this drawing, in which each square equals 1in., to full scale on paper to obtain patterns for hat.



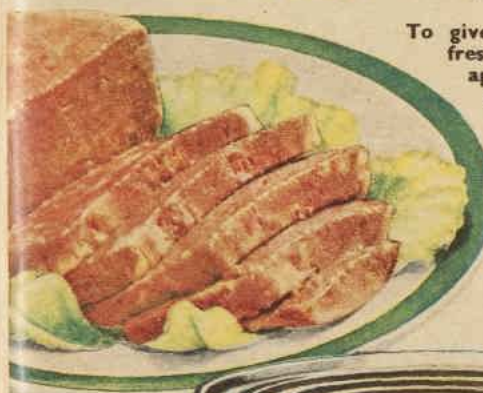


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INCLUDE THE RICH, MEATY FLAVOUR OF

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To give your salads a fresh, delicious meat appeal that proves so appetising, choose Swift CAMP PIE. The tastiness of CAMP PIE makes it a perfect base for all meat salads.



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✓ Meaty, firm and juicy
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Grocer Sam says:



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GOOD!**

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of famous food products



What's new for
your next
Barbecue?

EVERYBODY IS BAR-BECUING THESE DAYS. AND NO WONDER! There's nothing like a breath or two of fresh air and an out-of-doors setting to whet the appetite, and simply nothing so certain to satisfy it as a barbecued meal. So here's a suggestion to make your next Barbecue a sensation. Serve a Sauce prepared just before you need it and spooned sizzling hot on to the cooking meat. Try it and you'll intrigue everybody.

Here are 3 specially selected recipes which you'll find equally successful for all Barbecued meats.

All spoon measurements refer to level measures.

★★ **Mountain Barbecue Sauce**

- 1 tablespoon Shortening
- 1 Onion
- 1 tablespoon Flour
- 1 cup Vinegar
- 1 cup Water
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire Sauce
- 1 cup Tomato Sauce
- 2 tablespoons Sugar
- 1 tablespoon Mixed Mustard
- 1 teaspoon Salt
- 1/2 teaspoon Pepper
- 1 thick slice Lemon

METHOD:

Melt shortening, add chopped onion—fry until lightly brown. Stir in flour, then liquid ingredients. Stir until boiling, add sugar, mustard, salt, pepper and lemon. Cover and simmer 10 minutes. Remove lemon before serving.

★★ **Sunset Barbecue Sauce**

- 1 large onion
- 1 tablespoon Butter or substitute
- 1 Bacon Rasher
- 1 Clove Garlic
- 2 cups Sieved Cooked Tomatoes, or Tomato Puree
- Salt, pepper
- 4 oz. Grated Cheese

METHOD:

Chop onion, fry gently in butter or substitute. Add chopped bacon rasher and chopped clove of garlic. Continue cooking 3 to 4 minutes. Add sieved cooked tomato or puree. Season with salt and pepper. Cover and allow to cook over very low heat about 10 minutes. Just before serving remove from heat and fold in grated cheese.

★★ **Spicy Barbecue Sauce**

- 2 level dessertspoons of Butter or substitute
- 1 Clove of Garlic
- 1 level dessertspoon of Flour
- 1/2 cup Tomato Sauce
- 1/2 cup Sherry
- 1 dessertspoon of White Vinegar
- 1 level teaspoon Brown Sugar

METHOD:

Melt shortening and add finely chopped garlic. Stir in flour, brown lightly over low heat, stirring constantly. Stir in sauce, sherry, vinegar and brown sugar. Cook gently 5 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

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as*

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Not too Mild —
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A perfect family
flavour!

Maxam is a "balanced flavour" cheese, the result of a careful blend of mild and matured cheddars from the rich pastures of Sunny Queensland—nothing is added, nothing taken away. Next time you order packet cheese, say "Maxam"—so fresh, so tasty, so nutritious for you and your family.

Ask your Grocer for

MAXAM
You'll really like it!

MC17C.HP.

Dream washing machine takes 10-seconds work to do a week's wash

Set two dials, press a button and go out. When you come home, your wash is done—for as little as sixpence!

A leading Australian engineering firm with 70 years' experience (Malley's Limited) has produced "an engineering masterpiece" — a fully automatic washing machine which includes all features of America's newest machines.

Called the Automatic Twelve (because of its king-sized 12-lb. capacity) this machine is rated equal to any automatic washing machine available in the United States. It takes only ten seconds of a housewife's time to do her washing and, thanks to its amazing economics, does this 12-lb. wash for as little as sixpence!

The lucky housewife drops in the clothes (top-loading has been found the safest and most convenient method)

turns on the cold water tap, shakes in soap powder, selects the washing temperature (up to boiling point) and washing time, presses a button and leaves everything else to the machine. She can forget the washing and go anywhere. When she comes home, the washing's done and the machine has automatically switched itself off.

If she's a working wife, she can put in the wash last thing at night, press the button and go to bed. In the morning she can hang up the spun-dried clothes before leaving.

Home economy experts predict that in a few years, machines like this one are likely to just about eliminate a centuries-old institution — the washday.



FIRST FULLY AUTOMATIC WASHING MACHINE THAT DOES NOT NEED A HOT WATER SYSTEM



This 12-lb. wash can be done in one load in an Automatic Twelve. Washing for a large family is now a matter of 10 seconds' work. And it can be done for as little as 6d.

Automatic washers have always needed a hot water system to function. Even then, three out of four of our Australian hot-water installations are inadequate to supply a washing machine and other household requirements, too. Malley's new machine is the first fully automatic washer that works without a hot water system. When the button is pressed it heats its water from cold up to the exact temperature selected on the dial. It will boil your clothes, too, giving them a sound pre-soak in cold water whilst heating up. When the correct water temperature is reached, washing begins—a thorough

"shampoo action" wash that's possible only with the tumbling action of this machine. When the washing is done (after 1-15 minutes, whichever you selected) the machine gives three thorough deep rinses — with a spin dry after each rinse—followed by an "air tumble" before finally switching itself off.

The Automatic Twelve does not tangle the clothes together as many other machines do.

You could be anywhere, this machine doesn't care!

Another big advantage of this machine is its low running cost. It heats its own water — so there's no


extra use of the hot-water system, and has 2 motors, which produce more power from less power intake. A complete 12-lb. wash costs as little as 6d. Its 12-lb. capacity means that the Malley's Automatic Twelve will do in two loads what would be three loads in any other washing machine.

And the Automatic Twelve sells for less than any other automatic machine: £171/5/-! There's also a SEMI-automatic model, with single dial control and all other features of the fully-automatic model, for £138/15/-. (Prices for Sydney only. Interstate and country prices of both models slightly higher.)

THE MALLEYS AUTOMATIC TWELVE TOOK ONLY 10 SECONDS OF THIS HOUSEWIFE'S TIME TO DO HER WASH



NEW Tek



with Teklon SUPER NYLON HEAD

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FIRST-AID DRESSING FOR ALL MINOR INJURIES

BAND-AID

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ADHESIVE BANDAGES

Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3529.—Beginners' pattern for a small girl's pinafore-frock and short-sleeved blouse. Sizes: Lengths 20in., 23in., 27in., 31in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2yds. 54in. material for pinafore and 1½yds. 36in. material for blouse. Special price 2/-.

F3526.—Softly styled one-piece has below-elbow sleeves and bell-shaped skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material, ¼yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/6.

F3527.—Glamorous lace-trimmed trousseau set. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast material, plus ¼yd. 36in. lace insertion, 19yds. 1½in. lace edging. Price, complete, 4/6.

F3528.—Slender-line one-piece autumn dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 3/6.

F3530.—Princess-line late-day dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F3531.—Front-buttoned bodice-top and softly gathered skirt combine for a flattering one-piece autumn dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 3/6.

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 837—TABLECLOTH AND SERVIETTES

The cloth and matching serviettes are made in British cotton with a matching colored check trim. The color choice includes blue, green, lemon, pink, and white. Size: Cloth, 36in. x 36in.; serviettes, 11in. x 11in. Prices: Cloth 11/6, postage 9d. extra; serviettes 9d. each, postage 4d. extra; cloth and 4 serviettes 11/6, postage and registration 1/6 extra.

NOTE—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.

No. 836—AMERICAN-STYLE SKIRT

The skirt is obtainable cut out ready to make in striped herringbone cotton. The color choice includes blue and white, brown and white, green and white, and red and white. Sizes 34in. to 36in. waist, 31/11. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 835—TABLE CENTRE

The mat is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider in a grape-vine design on cream or white heavy linen. Size 11in. x 17in., 8/11. Postage 9d. extra.

No. 839—SMALL GIRL'S FROCK AND BONNET

The frock and matching bonnet are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is British cotton obtainable in blue, lemon, pink, green, and white. Sizes: Lengths 18in. for 2 years 18/6, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 19in. for 3 years 19/11, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 20in. for 4 years 21/9, postage and registration 1/9 extra; 23in. for 5 to 6 years 22/6, postage and registration 1/9 extra.

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 86-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

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RELIEVES odor from perspiration on contact. Antiseptic action. WON'T ROT CLOTHES.

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Arrid has a wonderful new ingredient, Perstop—your guarantee that new Arrid is softer, smoother than ever. Buy the new super-smooth Arrid today!

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New with Perstop for Super Creaminess



15 hairsets for 3/6

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Get a tube of concentrated Curlypet—squeeze Curlypet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated Curlypet for 3/6 from your chemist or store.

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CN.5

SORE FEET

USE THE ONE AND ONLY SAFE EFFECTIVE

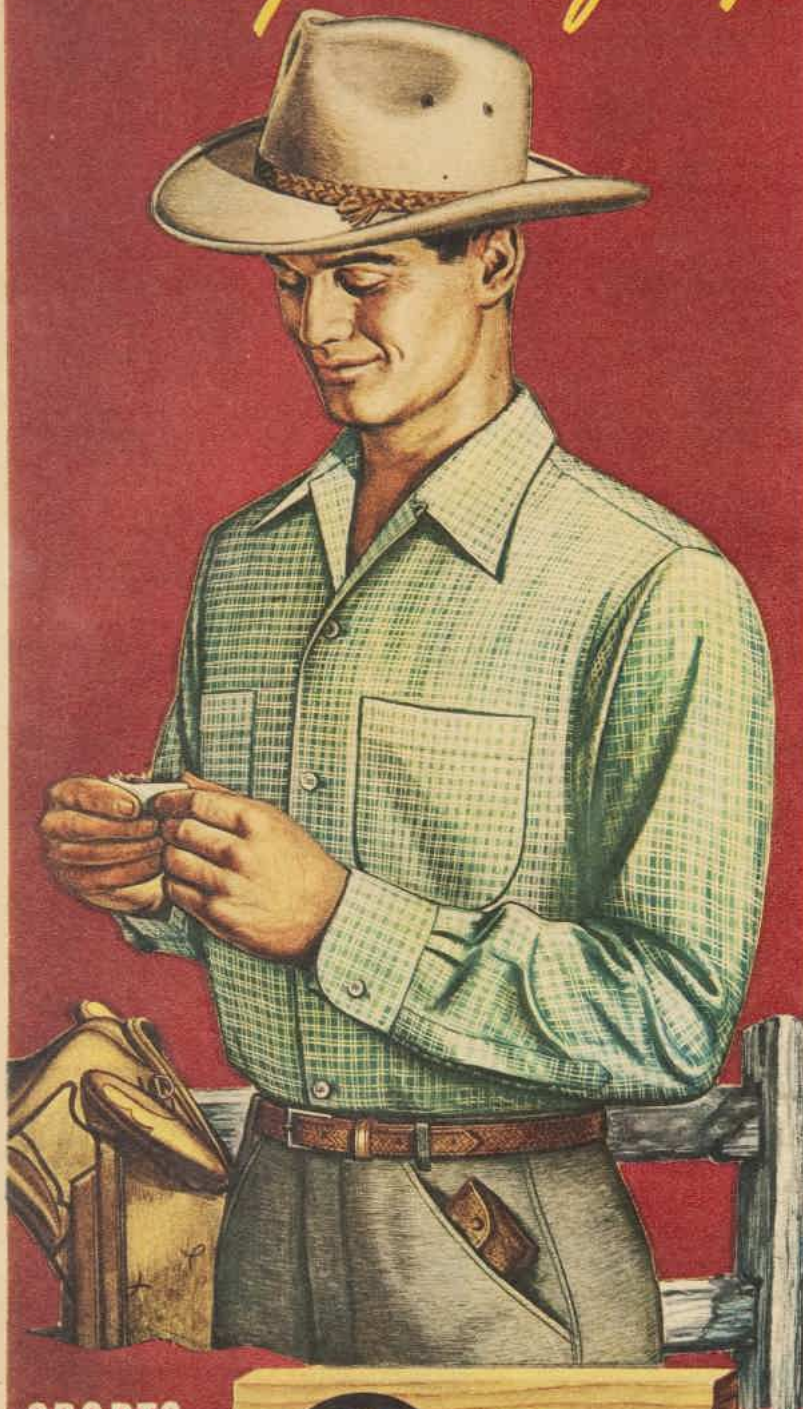


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Easy to wash and iron

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, meets Ted, a bashful young singer, at a theatre where he is giving a performance of magic. Ted shyly asks Marilyn, a pretty showgirl, to go out with him, but Grant, the theatre manager, knocks him down and fires him. Mandrake is grateful to Ted for saving his life when a heavy stage weight accidentally falls as he walks underneath it, and asks him home to see if he can help cure his lack of self-confidence. NOW READ ON:

"WHEN I'M ALONE AND THINK OF HER, I CAN SAY ANYTHING--"

MARILYN, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL. I ADORE YOU.

"BUT WHEN I'M WITH HER, I'M TONGUE-TIED."

gulp--

YOU SAY YOU WANT TO HELP ME. WHAT I REALLY NEED IS COURAGE. YOU CAN'T GIVE ME THAT.

MAYBE I CAN. DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC, TED?

YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN MAGIC...

SURE, IN CARD TRICKS AND SUCH, BUT NOT REAL --HEY-- THE PIANO'S RISING--

POUFF

THE WHOLE PIANO--DISAPPEARED! BUT--

IT ALL DEPENDS ON KNOWING HOW. YOU CAN MAKE YOURSELF BIGGER--

--OR SMALLER, IF YOU KNOW THE RIGHT WORDS--

YOU CAN EVEN DUPLICATE YOURSELF--

--AGAIN--

--AND AGAIN--

YOU WIN, MANDRAKE! I BELIEVE YOU CAN DO ANYTHING!

BUT HOW CAN YOU GIVE ME COURAGE?

HERE IS AN ANCIENT BOOK OF MAGIC. AND--HERE IT IS--THE MAGIC POTION!

to gain courage in all matters and to lose all fear, use these ingredients and words: Mix well portions of heart from a lion & eagle.

TO BE CONTINUED

LOVELIER LEGS

WHEN YOU'VE REMOVED
UNSIGHTLY HAIR WITH

Silkymit HAIR REMOVER

A few short minutes every
three or four weeks with
a Silkymit glove and your legs
take on new glamour.
Unsightly hair disappears
... Silkymit simply wipes
it away and leaves the skin
silky smooth—petal soft.
Silkymit tones up your skin ...
makes your legs lovelier.



BEWARE HARSH DETERGENTS IN SHAMPOOS



"To bring out the hidden
highlights of your hair,"
says popular model
Virginia Gray, "use
Colinated Coconut Oil
Foam Shampoo." This
pure, positively neutral,
greaseless shampoo—free
from all harsh detergents
—cannot possibly injure
nor change the colour of
hair. A couple of tea-
spoonsful cleanses hair of
every sign of dirt, dandruff
or excess oiliness—from
roots to tips—completely.
Your hair dries quickly
and evenly—coming out
thick, silken-soft and
shining—and far easier to
dress and set.

Insist on
COLINATED
Coconut Oil
FOAM SHAMPOO.



Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out
ready to make



"MILO."—Pretty floral skirt obtainable in
navy cotton printed with a white flower.
Ready To Wear: Sizes 24in. to 30in. waist,
35/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 24in. to 30in. waist, 25/6.
Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

"BETTA."—Attractive blouse designed with
an open neckline and 3/4-length cuffed
sleeves. The material is cotton pique; the
color choice includes white, lemon, pink
and blue.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and
34in. bust, 28/6; 36in. and 38in.
bust, 29/11. Postage and registra-
tion, 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and
34in. bust, 18/6; 36in. and 38in.
bust, 19/11. Postage and registra-
tion, 1/9 extra.

"DEANNA."—Button-front frock obtainable
in pinspot-haircord with a white rick-rack
braid trim. The color choice includes pink,
blue, green, and red, all printed with a
white spot.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust,
53/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 54/11. Postage
and registration, 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust,
43/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 44/4. Postage
and registration, 3/- extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice.
No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by
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